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VOLUME LXI. TOLEDO, OHIO: THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1893. NUMBER 49.

Poetry.

LIVE!

Why should I want to live,
Embroiled in ceaseless fight
For the scanty living earth will give,
And the slumber of the night?
Toil from the early sun
All through the long, long day,
The evening's rest seems but begun
Ere it has passed away.

All, all the hard-earned wage
Hoarded to meet a need;
Scarcely we dare engage
Cheap glee with such scant meed.
Worry lest sickness smite,
Fear lest employment cease;
Living is daily fight
To win—consummate peace.

Love's words—oh sweetest sound
Breathed in a tired ear,
Soft arms entwined around
Tired shoulders, gladly bear.
Cheek pressed 'gainst carework cheek,
Eyes full of tenderness,
No richer guerdon seek
Than love to bless.

Come toil and worry's strife,
Bravely we'll meet the fray,
All through the broil of life,
Struggling on day by day.
But, love, if Death o'ertrips
Thee e'er he o'ertakes me,
Pressing thy dying lips
I'd die with thee.
—Boston Transcript.

HIS PROPER ATTITUDE.

"You know I love you"—he observed
His words were curt, his tone incisive—
A saucy smile her red lips curved
The while she tried to look submissive.

"But, me no silly romance rules
And if you think to find me pleading
Down on my knees, like other fools,
You'll find your hopes are quite misleading."

Said she "although you are so rude
I can't help wishing that I knew, sir,
Whether your stern resolves preclude,
You kneeling down to tie my shoe,—sir."

He knelt to knot the loosened bow:—
"And are you sure you love me dearly?"
She gently breathed. Still bending low,
"With all my heart," he answered clearly.

"And you wish to become my wife?"
Her laugh rang out. "Yes, if you please, sir."
She said, "I'll gladly share your life,
Now, that you've asked me on your knees, sir."
—Madeline S. Bridges.

MINE.

There is a maiden with the truest eyes—
My love's so dear;
All evil from her flies
In craven fear.

Her smile—it is the sweetest ever seen—
My love's so kind;
Angelic 'tis, I ween,
Or I am blind.

Her ways—ah, Heaven! they are winsome ways—
My love's so sweet;
May she make all my days
With love complete.

Till finally, upon the day of rest,
With love at last
She may lie on my breast
All sorrows past.
—Truth.

Miscellany.

SUCCESSFUL SOCIALISM.

A Peculiar and Prosperous Community in Iowa.

According to the St. Louis Republic, most socialistic experiments in this country have fallen flat, but there are a few remarkable exceptions. One of these is situated in Iowa county, Iowa, and is called the Amana society, or Community of True Inspiration. This socialistic society has stood the test of time, for it is nearly as old as the state of Iowa. Indeed, it traces its early beginning back to the German Pietists of the seventeenth century. But in this country, and in Iowa, it was incorporated in 1859.

This society is a shining example. It has succeeded. It numbers now about 1,700 souls and they are all healthy and happy and fast growing rich. They own some 25,000 acres of land, all cultivated up to the highest notch and well supplied with live stock, and they have mills and manufactories of almost every description. They carry on these many enterprises with the energy and skill of a people who believe that all must work. Not even the old are exempt from the universal law. You may visit Amana society any day except Sunday and you will find everybody at work, one equal to the other, men and women, some in the fields or vineyards, some in the factories, and a large contingent, most of these women, as it happens, in the large co-operative kitchens, where the meals are served. They are "brothers" and "sisters" together, as they say. They all eat the same food, wear the same blue jeans or blue calico, live in houses equally free from paint, and when they die each one is given the same kind of a wooden slab to mark his resting place. A few do, indeed possess their own families, but even this is discouraged, and a life of celibacy held up instead as the highest ideal.

They are a simple, plain folk, but they are always apparently contented and happy. A visitor will be surprised to find so large a proportion of old people among them, for very few die in youth or middle age, and few are ever sick. There are no cases of nervous prostration there, and insanity and suicide are unknown. Nor has any member of the community ever filled a felon's cell.

This appears like a beautiful illustration of the good things attendant upon socialism and M. Zola's panacea of "incessant work," and it seems too bad for the sake of the theory that the Amanites do not base their success upon these principles. They claim, rather, that socialism and "incessant work" are only the means by which they attain a higher good. This higher good is freedom in observing their own religion.

This religion of theirs, however, is so pure and beautiful that one readily sees it is a potent factor of their success. Like their lives, it is without embellishment or show. It teaches them to speak the truth, to do no murder, not even in war, to love one another, and to listen often for the "inward voice" of revelation. Thus they live, like the patriarchs of old, "a peculiar people," not for the sake of experiment, but because they desire to do so, and with all their peculiarity they find themselves happy and prosperous.

A Woman's Tact.

Simpkins and his landlord occupy flats in the same house in New York. The landlord has several times raised the tenant's rent when the latter betrayed evidence of growing prosperity. A few days ago when Simpkins came home to dinner he smelt roast turkey.

"What do you mean by having such expensive things as roast turkey for dinner?" said Simpkins to his wife, "don't you know our landlord will raise the rent on us if he smells it?"

"He will not be a particle wiser if he does smell it," responded Mrs. Simpkins.

"How is that?"

"Because he has got roast turkey himself to-day. If he smells any turkey he will think it his own turkey. I asked his cook what they had for dinner before I bought our turkey."—Texas Siftings.

Couldn't Make Him Quail.

A couple of wives were discussing the respective merits and demerits of their husbands, and one had quite a doleful tale to tell.

"Why don't you read the riot act to him?" asked the sympathizer.

"I have, but it isn't much good."

"Well, you bet," said the other emphatically, "if he were my husband I'd make him quail."

"I think not."

"Why not?" and her eyes sparkled. The first one smiled a quiet smile of submission.

"Because he's an old rooster," and then they laughed at the mild joke and began to talk about something else.—Detroit Free Press.

Not Yet.

St. Peter—"Who is that stout lady standing outside?"

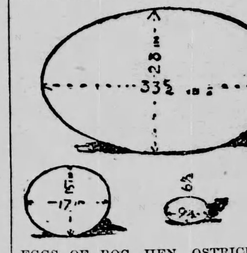
Assistant—"Queen Victoria, your holiness."

St. Peter—"Indeed! Just ask her if she won't come in out of the reign."—Truth.

LAID BY THE FABLED ROC.

Discovery in Madagascar of the Egg of the Extinct Bird.

A large specimen of the egg of the fabled roc of the "Arabian Nights," or aepyornis, as the extinct gigantic bird of Madagascar is called, has been secured by J. Proctor, of Tamatave and Prince's Square, W., who has brought the curiosity to London. It was discovered by some natives about twenty miles to the southward of St. Augustine's bay, on the southwest coast of Madagascar. It was floating on the calm sea within twenty yards of the beach, and is supposed to have



EGGS OF ROC, HEN, OSTRICH AND GOOSE COMPARED.

been washed away with the foreshore, which consists of sand hills, after a hurricane in the early part of the year.

The childlike longshoreman of the Antipodes, opining that the egg had a value showed the unusual piece of flotsam about with a view to sale, and it thus came into the hands of Mr. Proctor. The egg, which is whitey brown in color and unbroken, is a fine specimen, 33 1-2 by 23 inches, and an even higher value is placed upon it than upon the egg of the great auk, which lived within the memory of man. The Brobdingnagian proportions of the egg are better demonstrated by comparison with the eggs of the ostrich and crocodile. An ostrich's egg is about seventeen inches by fifteen inches, and the contents of six such are only equal to one egg of the aepyornis. The measurements of the eggs of the crocodile are normally nine inches by six and one-half inches. It would require the contents of sixteen and one-half emu's eggs to equal the contents of this great egg, or 148 eggs of the homely fowl, or 30,000 of the humming-bird. The last egg of the kind disposed of in London sold for £100, though cracked.

LOVING BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

There Are Undoubtedly Many Loving Ones in Our History.

One of the saddest declarations ever made was that of a man who had lived a stormy domestic life on account of the claims of property, says the Youth's Companion.

"Don't talk to me about the love of brothers and sisters!" he said bitterly. "At heart they always hate each other."

The evidence of history gives the lie to this saddening conclusion. Among the most beautiful souls we know there has been the strongest and most lasting fraternal attachment.

The beautiful Margaret of Navarre was devoted to her brother, Francis I. When she was apparently dying at Madrid, she found her way to him through privation and danger and succeeded in effecting his deliverance. When he was ill at a distance from her she went every day and sat down on a stone in the middle of the road to catch the first glimpse of a messenger afar off. And she said:

"Ah! whoever shall come to announce the recovery of the king, my brother, though he be tired, jaded, soiled, disheveled, I will kiss him and embrace his mule as though he were the most gentleman in the kingdom."

When he died she seemed literally heartbroken, and she did not long survive him.

Sir William and Caroline Herschel seemed to have but a single thought in their common occupation of studying the stars. One swept the heavens with the telescope and the other patiently noted down the results. Together they reached old age, always interested in the same pursuit and always devotedly attached to each other.

Goethe was the loving friend and partisan of his sister Cornelia.

"I was again drawn towards home," he writes, concerning one of his frequent excursions, "and that by a magnet which attracted me strongly at all times. It was my sister."

To approach our own time and tongue more nearly is to find Dorothy Wordsworth, who lived in her brother's ambitions and desires. Byron found his good angel in his sister Augusta. Charles Lamb and Mary were friends true and tried, and the poet Whittier lived, loved and worked in the delightful companionship of his sister, of whom he said after her death that "the sad measure of his love for her was the vacancy left by her departure."

The Smoker's Fancies.

"Americans smoke with their eyes rather than with their mouths," said Victor Maiga, the Key West cigar manufacturer, yesterday. "I mean by this that in order to make a cigar sell well in America it must look pretty. An American will not buy a cigar, no matter how good material you use, if its appearance is not pleasing to the eye. Imagination plays a great part in the selection of a cigar. I have seen people come into a store and complain about the appearance of a cigar proffered by the dealer. While the customer was not looking the dealer picked another cigar from the same box and asked him how he liked this: 'That's just what I want. Now in the future, I want you always to give me this cigar. It just suits me.' Then other customers have an idea that a light wrapper indicates a mild cigar. The wrapper has little to do in making a cigar mild or strong, as the filler in a light cigar might be stronger than that of a dark cigar. It is a peculiar fact that a man can't judge a cigar in the dark. This shows where imagination comes in again. It is stated that if it was not for the light a person smoking in the dark would not know whether his cigar was burning or not."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

In the Dental Chair.

Gus De Smith—"Your charge for pulling that tooth is fifty cents?"

Dr. Molaryanker—"Yes, that's the regular price."

"Here is a $1 bill."

"I can't make the change. What do you say to pulling another tooth for the change?"

"No, I thank you."

"Well, suppose I pull two teeth for the 50. You can't kick about that."—Texas Siftings.

True Economy.

"So you have bought your wife another expensive ring. Isn't that a waste of money?"

"On the contrary, it is true economy, for she won't require half so many pairs of gloves as formerly."—Fliegende Blaetter.

At Saratoga.

Carleton—"Did you give the waiter a tip?"

Montauk—"Yes, I gave him the one that we lost at the races to-day."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Quite Right.

"Fractional currency is getting fearfully scarce."

"You're right; I saw a man just now who couldn't even change his mind."—Atlanta Constitution.

THE BURDEN REMOVED.

Mammy Thought She Heard the Lord Call and Did Not Hesitate.

Within 200 feet of the crest of Mount Mitchell the rough road winding over the mountain runs close to the edge of a cliff, down which you can drop a plummet for over 100 feet, says a writer in the Boston Journal. At the base the waters of a creek dash furiously along toward the Catawba. As you peer over the edge of the cliff you can see the waters boiling and foaming among the rocks far below, and your flesh creeps and your blood runs cold at the mere thought of a fall.

An hour before sunset on a July day I sat on a rock by the roadside with this cliff at my left. My pipe was scarcely alight when an old woman, walking slowly by the help of a cane, and her calico sunbonnet pulled forward to shade her weak eyes from the bright sun, came slowly down the mountain road. She saw me, and peered and hesitated, and finally came forward and saluted:

"Howdy, stranger?"

"Howdy, grandma? Going down?"

"No further, I reckon. This is the steep place, hain't it?"

"Yes; there is a high cliff here."

"I thought so, but my eyes are very poor. Yes. I'm old and blind, and of no use to anybody. I've prayed to the Lawd every day for a year to take me away, but He don't hear me."

"Is your husband dead?"

"Years and years ago, stranger."

"But you have children?"

"Yes, but I'm a burden to them. I'm no good any more. I've been fearful this long while, but it didn't come till this mawnin. I had my mind made up what I should do, and now I'm goin' to do it."

"What is it; what has happened?"

"I've been fearful of William and Jane. William is a good boy, but they is pore and don't get along. This mawnin I heard them talkin'. Jane says I'm too old to work any more, and I must go to the poorhouse. William thinks it over, and says there is no other way. He'll see about it to-morrow."

"But the needs of an old woman like you can't be much of a burden to them," I protested.

"No," she sighed, "but ole folks is in the way of younger ones. I've dun prayed and prayed, but the Lawd won't take me. An'bho He thinks I ain't fitten to go, but I've tried hard to live clus up to the Good Book. If I hain't fitten now I never shall be."

"But it's a son's duty to care for his mother."

"I've heard that said, and I reckon I dun read somethin' like it in Scriptur,' but we is all pore critters. What we want to do is our dooty. What we don't want to do kin be left fur somebody else."

"If your son has a home he can't have the heart to turn you out of it, even if it is a struggle to get along," I said, as the poor old woman held her apron to her face.

"Stranger, do you know about the Lawd's ways?" she asked through her tears.

"I'm afraid I don't—not as I ought to."

"Don't he take old folks up thar in heaven when they ain't no mo' use down yere?"

"In His own good time, yes."

"I've been ready fur this long time," she sobbed, "but mebbe I'm too ole and pore and blind to be sent fur. If I'm fitten to go the Lawd orter take me."

"How far up the road does your son live?"

"Bout a mile, I reckon."

"Come, I'll help you along."

"Yo' gwine that way?"

"Yes."

"Then say to William if yo' see him, that I shan't trouble him no mo'."

I argued and protested and coaxed, but she refused to move. I cautioned her to remain on the rock, and started off up the road, thinking to call at the cabin and send some of the family down for her. A hundred feet away I halted to look back. She had left the rock and was standing on the brink of the cliff. I ran down to clutch at her, but when within twenty feet she called out:

"Stranger, yo've come back, but it's too late! I was troubled because the Lawd had not called me. He has jest dun called!"

"Wait! Hold on! You'll be over!"

"O, Lawd! take a pore, lone ole woman who's a burden on her children!" prayed the woman, with hands upraised, and as I sprang forward and clutched at her dress the faded calico tore away in my hand, and she went down to death.

Not a cry of despair, not a shriek of alarm as she plunged downward. A dull sound came up to me, and when I peered over the edge of the cliff I saw the white waters carrying her mangled body down to the river below. At the cabin we found away I found a man and his wife leaning on the fence in front. I told them what had happened. There was no alarm, no anxiety, not words of sorrow. They did not look at me, not even at each other. There was silence for a minute, and then, with eyes looking into the forest the son replied:

"Yes, that was mammy, fur shore!"

"Fur shore!" echoed the woman.

CURIOSITIES OF FICTION.

"A lovely flush rose to Lady Isabel's cheek."—Extract from recent novel.—Truth.

Fixing Hannah.

The circuit-rider for a mountain district in West Virginia was stopping for a day or two at the place where he was to preach on Sunday and to him a mountaineer came with a buxom mountain maid and wanted to be married then and there.

"Where's your license?" asked the minister.

The man was surprised.

"Ain't got none," he said. "We don't have to have no license do we? We ain't agoin' to sell liquor."

That was all the license he knew about.

The minister explained to him and he rode away ten miles to the county seat and later in the day appeared with the license.

"That cost me a dollar, mister," he said, ruefully. "Do you charge anything?"

"You can pay me whatever you please but I never charge less than a dollar."

"Well, I've only got half a dollar, mister, and won't git the balance till after harvest."

The minister hesitated, because he thought the mountaineer was trying to beat him, and, while he was willing to perform the ceremony gratis, he didn't want to cut prices. All at once the mountaineer put in:

"I've got it, mister," he exclaimed, shoving the half-dollar at him. "Here's half yer price. Now you marry Hanner to me. They ain't anybody livin' that I want but Hanner and Hanner kinder hankers fer a whole passle of fellers that is better lookin' than I am but ain't so well off; so if you git her fixed you needn't worry about me at all. Take your half-dollar an' go ahead on Hanner. You kin fix me after harvest an' I'll give you t'other half when the job's done."

IN THE GLOAMING.

In the gloaming, oh, my darling,
As the deep'ning shades advance,
I will meet you; tie the dog up
So he cannot gnaw my pants.
—Kansas City Journal.

Upside Down.

Democratic pyramid for 1893:

V-l-r-g-l-n-i-a
Kentucky
Mary
Ian
d

—Cincinnati Times-Star.

A Rhyme for the Times.

When asked whence comes our candidate
Our sole reply shall be,
His name is Bill McKinley
And he'll knock old Grover G.
—St. Louis Star-Sayings.

DEMON OF THE LAUNDRY.

The Monstrous Entity Which Ruins Your Choice Linen.

By means of his vivid imagination and facile pencil, Mr. Furniss has put into shape what thousands, nay millions, of his fellow men creatures have often thought but ne'er so well expressed. What sufferer who has had his choicest and newly bought linen come home time after time in looped and windowed raggedness has not conjured up in his mind's eye some such malignant monstrosity as the artist has bedied forth? Whether the rents were

THE DEMON OF THE LAUNDRY.

made by the human or, rather, inhuman hand of your washerwoman, or through the intermediary agency of a machine a mangle or other satanic device, it matters not, and we take it Mr. Furniss intends in his picture to embody the fiendishness of the entire laundry system, human and mechanical.

In England there are separate societies to deal with every individual vice—including of course the commonest of all, swearing. These societies meet and they talk, but what practical result follows? Now prevention is better than cure, says Mr. Furniss, and as these anti-swearers want to know a way to prevent the wholesale use of bad language, I can tell them a way to prevent some of it at least. Let the lady members of the society turn washerwomen, send home shirts well done up, with the buttons intact, use no lime or other chemical that eat the shirt away in two washings, and return the gold links and studs sent to the wash by mistake. Here is practical advice from one who promises, if this hint is acted upon, not to use a great big D in his dressing-room at least, and who will subscribe £1 per annum to the Anti-Swearing League. The washerwoman—whatever special variety of fiend in human shape that creature may be—is the cause of more domestic "curious" and more bad language than any one else breathing.

"AFTER THE BALL."

The Popular Song Made Its Author Rich and Procured Him a Bride.

Charles K. Harris, the man who wrote "After the Ball," was married in Chicago Sunday evening, and after he returns from his wedding trip, he will be at home in a beautiful house built out of the proceeds and furnished lavishly from the rewards of other folks' misery, says the Chicago Herald. For one year his doleful story of aching hearts has been hummed by a million voices, played by a million orchestras, whistled by a million idiots, thrummed on a million bands, blasted by a million expletives until its very words, uttered or suggested, are enough to start a tumult or send a man to jail.

However, the terrible act of his is now condoned since it helped to win a hard suit and proved to him a goose with a nest of golden eggs. Mrs. Harris promises it will not happen again and she hopes now all the wide wrong of that tune which she unfortunately suggested may be forgotten. She was innocent, although an abettor, and little realized how great would be the damage to human temper by it.

It was a peculiar circumstance that Mr. Harris and Miss Cora Lehrberg were married almost on the first anniversary of the completion of the three-versed offense. About a year ago they attended a south side ball and while there were pitying the sadness of two young people who had just broken an engagement. They looked as if their hearts would break, and when the ball was over Mr. Harris noticed tears in the girl's eyes as she left to get into the carriage. It touched him, as the famous wail would indicate. The more he thought about it the worse it affected him, and with a cold, wild dash he struck off the poem in less than 15 minutes. It came easy, with but little mental worry and hardly any brain work. Words just came out like coal from a hod. His pen seemed inspired, and while the impresario of a colossal minstrel band was waiting in the outer office Mr. Harris completed the ballad. It was the quickest success of his life and also the most profitable. It took the fancy with its catchy music and went the rounds. It became the craze and brought dollars by the buck. The first four months sales netted the author over $50,000, and up to date he has netted five times that amount.

CONCEALED SMILES.

A Ready Reply.

It was at the World's Fair that some Washington young ladies met Fred Smith quite unexpectedly.

"Dear me!" said one of them, "how ill you are looking. You are getting thin."

"Yes," was the reply; "I believe I am."

"How much have you lost?"

"Ninety dollars."—Washington Star.

All in the Family.

Nebraskan—Be you Senator Allen?
Senator—Yes, sir.
"Of Nebraska?"
"Yes."
"Ar talked two days 'ithout stoppin'?"
"Yes, sir."
"Don't rec'nize me, maybe?"
Can't say that I do, sir."
"Oh, well, it's all in the fambly. Shake! Yer a relative of my wife, an' I know it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

And Mary Ann Resigned.

"Mary Ann," remarked Mrs. Wickwire, "I think if you will take a sweeping glance around this parlor you will see that you have given it a very glancing sweep."—Indianapolis Journal.

Where Literary Tastes Differed.

Miss Waldo, of Boston—I do love Swinburne. His melody is so—so melodious.
Miss Lakefront, of Chicago—Yes, and I do love his odes. They are so odious.—Philadelphia Record.

A Keen Intellect.

Chawley—That fellah Jousey has a vewy analytical mind.
Fwed—How's that?
Chawley—Why, this mawning he saw a fellah out of the club window eawwying an umbwellah and he said: "It must be waining." He did, by Jove.—Chicago Record.

A Woman of Plain Tastes.

"Are you fond of orchids, Mrs. Flyhi?"
Mrs. Flyhi—Well, I'm rather plain in my tastes, and don't care for any fancy dishes much.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Gilding the Dome.

The government is now having the new congressional library dome gilded, and when the work is done it will be the largest gilded dome in the world, but it will represent the treasury of the country as a good deal richer than it really is. We are barbaric in our love and practice of show, but without skill in such an essential of civilization as arranging a financial system that will stand.—Providence Journal.

Twin Impossibilities.

Toodles—Which would you rather, Noodles, seem to be a bigger fool than you are, or be a bigger fool than you seem?
Noodles—I'd rather seem to be a bigger fool than I am.
Toodles—That's impossible.
Noodles—No; I—er—would rather be a bigger fool than I seem.
Toodles—That's impossible.—Boston Courier.

He'd Have a Good Time.

"Do you believe there is any such thing as a personal devil?"

"Well, I don't feel at all sure about it, but if there isn't it's painful to think of all the fun that's going to waste."—Exchange.

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A FAIR VIRGINIAN.

A TALE OF THE FIRST BULL RUN.

By DAVID LOWRY.

CHAPTER II.

THE YELLOW GIRL.

By the time the young gentlemen from the South reached their hotel traffic resumed its sway on all the streets. There was nothing to remind them of the exciting events they had witnessed, save the large cannon hanging motionless in the chain at the end of one of the streets. People commented upon the mass meeting in a joking way. Good humor prevailed everywhere.

"I don't understand these people," said Harry Mason. "A little while ago we seemed to be standing over a volcano. A big man stands up; before he utters ten words everybody smiles. We saw a crowd of men with the devil looking out of their eyes on the levee; the same men left the meeting laughing like school boys. Now you would think to hear the people talk that they had been engaged in a huge practical joke. They are not like the Southern people, Lacy?"

"They are not. I have been trying the past half hour to find some points of resemblance. I fail to find any. The more I think about it, the more I am dissatisfied. It is barely possible the 'divine institution' is not the flawless thing Southern writers and speakers represent it to be."

His companion looked at him keenly; his lips curled in a smile more expressive than words.

"Wait till I am through. Do you remember our journey across Tennessee?"

"That was glorious." Harry Mason's eyes sparkled with the recollection.

"Will we ever have another royal time like that—seven weeks of sport?"

"I was not thinking of the sport. You remember what the professor told us—the figures he reiterated, showing the vast deposits of iron ore, coal and lime?"

"It's not likely I'll ever forget Professor Gordon. He was the only discordant element we struck—with his eternal calculations."

"Well, it is just beginning to dawn upon me, Harry, that the ore in this state is not worth much more than the ore in Tennessee. Why is it, then, that Pennsylvania is so rich, and Virginia and Tennessee so poor? Why are we at the mercy of these 'shopkeepers' as we call them? It never occurred to me before—we cannot even make a nail or a button. We are dependent upon the North for everything—why?"

Mason simply stared at him. When he recovered from his surprise, he said, "Because the South is, always has been, always will be governed by gentlemen. They do not choose to compete with tradesmen and shopkeepers. The North is made up of shopkeepers and laborers."

"To whom we are constantly paying tribute."

"We are necessary to them, as they are to us," said Mason sharply. "They need—must have—our cotton. Cotton is king."

Lacy Norton shook his head. "That is an exploded idea. Ever since Hinton Rowan Helper demonstrated that the hay crop of the North alone is worth as much as the cotton crop, I never hear the cotton crop referred to without feeling that an awful mistake has been made. The brief glimpse we have had of the mills here convinces me that there is something radically wrong in the South. Cotton king! Why, we both know that the crops are mortgaged a year ahead. If the North should foreclose on the cotton states, where would the South be?"

"You are putting it in a commercial way."

"Put it any way you please. Answer me—why are the people in this state more independent in fact than the people in Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana? They are. There is more fellowship here between all classes than there is in the South. That has been demonstrated within the past hour. We have seen rich and poor rubbing shoulder against shoulder. I thought we stumbled against a mudsill when that hack driver came up to us. But in all that crowd of carters, mechanics, iron-workers and clerks, we did not see one man that deferred to another as the poor whites defer to us in the South. I begin to think the mudsill is a Southern invention."

"Go on—go on," said his companion. "If you keep that strain up, I'll be prepared to see you blossom into an Abolitionist. You are the last man in the world to talk that way—the very last."

Norton shrugged his shoulders and smiled. "That is not answering my question. I am puzzled. The problem is not easily solved. I have lost my bearings. But don't fret over my case—when I turn Abolitionist, you will bear me company. It isn't the nigger I am thinking of, Harry. He is the last thing in my mind."

"Who are you thinking of, then?" demanded Mason shortly.

"Of the whites—of you and myself. Of those who are to come after us. The little I have seen of the North troubles me. I am stunned—stupefied. The North seems to be a different country—all push, development, progress; while the South is torpid—sleepy."

"You are serious?"

"Never was more serious in my life, Harry. It is plain to everybody. We have seen more progress in this state alone than we found in seven Southern states we crossed last year. As for these people—like you, I do not understand them at all. They evidently understand themselves—they know what they want, which is more than a good many in the South can say, since not one of all our statesmen has suggested a remedy for real shortcomings."

"I hope you are done. I never heard an outspoken Abolitionist say more, or worse of the South than you have in the last five minutes. To change the subject—there is a figure for you."

Lacy Norton looked in the direction indicated. A young lady was crossing the street. She had stepped from the sidewalk as a wagon loaded with large boxes was passing down the street. One of the wheels sank in a rut, the jolt dislodged a box; in another instant it would have fallen upon the young lady, had not Norton with rare presence of mind leaped to her and caught her arm in time to pull her to one side. An angry pair of eyes flashed in his face one brief moment; her lips were parted; but the speech that was framed mentally remained unspoken as the box crashed upon the pavement at her feet. Then her face was suffused with blushes as she exclaimed "Oh!" faintly. She recovered her self-possession, and, bowing, thanked Norton, who stood uncovered, for his timely intervention. A minute later she was walking upon the opposite sidewalk.

"Very neat that—you saved her bonnet, at least, probably her head. She is a beauty, and looks enough like you to be a Norton."

"Which reminds me that I have relatives about here somewhere. There has been no correspondence for years; just why, I never cared to inquire."

A few steps more brought them to the hotel. They confessed to the biting hunger of youth as they sat down to dinner, which was relished. They lingered over the dessert, then sauntered through a corridor, when their attention was attracted by a commotion near the office.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Mason; "it's my uncle, Payne Clayton! And there is Syd and Marion!"

He hastened down the stairs toward his relatives, who were surrounded by several guests, and colored servants. The latter darted angry looks at Mr. Clayton. Miss Clayton looked distressed; she was endeavoring to soothe her father, whose face was white with anger.

"What is it, uncle?" Mason asked eagerly; but his uncle did not notice him. His rage was so great that he lost his self-control. He confronted a clerk, exclaiming in loud tones:

"It is your business, sir! You are responsible, sir! It is your duty to dispatch messengers in every direction. Don't tell me that I am to blame in any manner whatever! Where's the landlord? Produce my servant or assume the responsibility."

Observing his nephew, now, the irate uncle continued. "Harry, they've stolen one of my servants, a yellow girl I paid twelve hundred for. Stolen her! We have not been here an hour. The girl was in a room upstairs—we were at dinner—when we returned to our room the girl was gone. She is not in the hotel! Nobody knows anything about her; she flew out of the window—her wings sprouted for the occasion! We are to infer as much because this clerk, and this army of grinning niggers, are one and all ignorant concerning her whereabouts. A likely story! But they'll pay for her—every dollar she is worth—and the penalty, too."

"But, papa," said Miss Clayton in a low tone, as she placed an arm on her father's arm, "if the people in the hotel will do nothing, is there no place you can go to demand redress?"

"I'll be sure there is. There is where I am going instantly. I have my resource—the United States authorities will be invoked in a way that will teach these nigger stealers a lesson they will never forget. They invite the law, and they shall have the law in all its force."

"You should not have brought your servant here," said an elderly man coldly. "You surely cannot plead ignorance concerning public feeling."

"What?" exclaimed the owner of the lost slave; "not bring my daughter's maid? You dare to insinuate, sir, that I cannot take my property where ever I please!"

"In the present condition of the public mind, which is inflamed over the discussion of the fugitive slave law," the stranger answered in calm tones, when the irate slave owner interrupted him fiercely.

"Inflamed! What is it to me who discusses the law? It is the duty of every honest man to obey the law; but here, in this hot-bed of radicalism, where you have connived at the robbery of your neighbors for years, you violate the law; you——"

"Now me, sir. There is a higher law."

"Don't you dare to add insolence and insult to the theft! A higher law! What would you say if I entered your field and drove off one of your best horses? By what right do you meddle with my property? You can't answer—there is no answer. You are a set of thieves! But if you think you can rob me with impunity, you are mistaken. This house, this city, this county is responsible. I will demand, and the authorities will give me full value for my property, or pay me the price for every hour I am deprived of her services."

With this parting shot Mr. Clayton, who was now perspiring with excitement and rage, hurried from the hotel, accompanied by his son and nephew, while Lacy Norton strove to comfort Miss Clayton.

That young lady informed him she did not regret the loss of her maid one hundredth part as much as the scene her father had made.

"If Eliza wants to leave me, nothing could induce me to permit her to be about me. Not even to please papa will I allow her to come near me. It is the publicity, the talk, that annoys me. It will be in the papers, and that will make papa worse. This is the second servant he has lost—both runaways. I don't think Eliza was persuaded; she is quite able to take care of herself," Miss Clayton added.

Her father returned to the hotel after a brief absence. He was accompanied by an officer representing the United States, who was armed with a warrant that no one questioned. But although Mr. Payne Clayton stormed, and invoked all the power of the United States, the authorities were powerless. They failed to frighten the servants employed in the hotel suspected of conniving at the escape of Eliza. The landlord after the first ebullition maintained his composure; his unruffled manner, and the meaning looks passed between the colored servants fanned the anger of the slave owner to a pitch that could only find vent in a succession of explosions. He resolved to remain at the hotel over night. It was his purpose to prolong the battle the next day. The hotel was in a commotion the next day; but no clue to the missing maid was found. To all seeming the "yellow girl" had vanished in air, or was swallowed up by the earth. She was seen leaving a corridor and entering a room; no eye apparently witnessed her afterward, although the hotel was crowded, and the corridors constantly echoed the foot-falls of the guests.

Mr.—or to give him the title that distinguished him at home, the Hon. Payne Clayton, frustrated on all sides in his endeavors to regain his slave, or to obtain a clue to her, reluctantly placed the case in the hands of the United States authorities, and proceeded on his journey South with his son and daughter.

Harry Mason and his companion remained in the city until the following day for the purpose of prosecuting inquiries. His companion, Norton, volunteered to remain a week if necessary. He characterized the proceeding at the hotel as an outrage upon the rights of citizens. Mason spoke with the greatest freedom; his indignation found vent in the dining room, the reading room, the bar room, on the street.

In Harry Mason's opinion, the running off of his uncle's "yellow girl" was a "low down, sneaking, thieving, cowardly piece of business—a mean Yankee trick."

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

A MODERN YOUNG WOMAN.

She Had a Fad or Two, but Occultism Was Not of the Number.

She was a modern young woman of a highly cultivated family and a Boston education, and she was asked if she believed in what are called the occult sciences.

"Why," said she, when a sympathetic atmosphere had been created, "of course, I don't go daft on those things, as some people do, but still I believe in keeping your mind open, and I consult mediums because I know I have communications with spirits, and there is one clairvoyant I go to because she tells me everything I want to know, and my health has been restored by a magnetic healer in a wonderful way, and I've learned palmistry, for it helps you so in your selection of your friends, because you can really know their characters that way. Then there really is nothing like astrology to keep you posted about the future. I go to a perfectly wonderful astrologer. And the influence of precious stones—well, that's so pretty you can't help but believe it; see, mine is an amethyst. I always wear it; it helps ward off evil. Ordinary fortune telling, of course, I don't believe in, but I know one fortune teller who lays the cards inspirationally, and she is utterly marvelous. I have to go to see her once in a while.

"I believe in reincarnation; nearly everybody does, don't you think? I can't remember any of my former states of existence, but I know an adept in Boston who does psychic reading of character from a bit of handwriting. She helps me out when I'm in doubt in palmistry or when I want to know about people whose hands I can't get a chance to read. I mind-cure my friends a good deal, though for myself the magnetic healer does better; but I often do other people a great deal of good with mind cure. I have dreams, too, under spiritual influences, and I know a lady—not a professional, at all—who interprets dreams perfectly. She is a great society woman, but she is very serious in her real inner life, and she is very kind about interpreting my dreams for me.

"No, I don't go in for occult things as some people do, especially in Boston, and I don't spend every cent I can get on sensitives of one kind and another, but I feel that this is a marvelous age of discovery on the psychic plane and I try to keep up with things a little."

And then her listener wondered what age it was she was talking about and if he had not occulted himself back in time about a thousand years.

HALF-MASTED BY ACCIDENT.

A Democratic Flag Over in Wood County Creates Fun.

All the Republicans over in Ross township, Wood county, are laughing over a funny incident which occurred there on election day. Last fall, after the election was declared, a good Democratic farmer raised a pole, and had a Cleveland flag flying therefrom. Last spring he rented the farm, leaving instructions with the tenant that on election day this fall, he should raise the flag on the pole. On Tuesday, the tenant went to obey orders. When the flag was half-way up, the cord slipped off the pulley at the top, and the flag could neither be raised any farther, nor lowered. The flag drew at half-mast all day, to the intense amusement of the Republicans at the polling-place, which is but a short distance away. When the result of the election was known, the coincidence of the half-masted Democratic flag was apparent.

Such Fools.

Syracuse detectives have adopted the plan of using newspapers to help them catch a murderer. They are furnishing the press with pictures of the man wanted with the hope that some reader may recognize him thereby and that some trace of him can thus be obtained. This is sensible, but it is entirely contrary to the fundamental principles of detective work. It reminds me of a story.

A few years ago a murder was committed in a Pennsylvania town. The murderer was known, but the detectives were unable to find him. An enterprising local paper published a full story of the crime and a picture of the man wanted. The next day the editor was waited on by the chief of detectives and a conversation somewhat like the following occurred:

"What the jumpin' blue blazes do youse people mean by printin' that pictur' of ——— yesterday?"

"Why, what harm has it done?"

"Harm! You moon-faced idiot, can't you see that it's spoiled all our chances o' ever catchin' him?"

"How so?"

"How so? Well, you newspaper fellers are about the biggest fools on the face of this earth anyway."

"Explain yourself."

"Why, you dod-blasted chump, if you had the brains o' a 6-year old kid you'd know. Can't you see that when that feller sees his pictur' in the paper he'll know first thing that we're onto him? That pictur' is a fair-and-square warnin' as any man 'ud want to get outer the way."

"But he has got away, hasn't he?"

"How do you know where he's got to? If you hadn't printed that pictur' he'd probably have forgot all about havin' committed the crime in a week or two and come back again. That was what we expected. But you've spoiled our game. Ain't no chance o' gettin' him now, an' it's all your fault. I never did see such fools!"—Buffalo Express.

His Future.

"And what are you going to make of your son, Smithers?" asked the vicar. "A shoemaker, like yourself?"

"Oh, no, sir—was the reply. "You see he's uncommon fond of animals, and so we thinks of making him a butcher."—Punch.

The Time.

Cholly—"How is the weather outside?"

His Man—"Wet, sir."

"Cholly—"Good. I shall wear my new English twousehs that ah too long to be wohn without being turned up."—Truth.

An Apt Comparison.

"Miss G—— is a little passee but what a beautiful diamond necklace she has!"

"Yes, it reminds one of a lantern on a wreck."—New York Recorder.

WHEN SATAN TOOK A NIP

He May Have Used One of These Nebraskan "Devil's Corkscrews."

Prof. T. H. Marshland, of the Nebraska State University, has just completed two remarkable expeditions in quest of rare fossils. One was to Pine Ridge, the scene of the recent Sioux outbreak, where he and others discovered myriads of a curious fossil called by them devil's corkscrews. The other was to Phillips county, Kansas, where Prof.

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THE EMIGRANT SHIP

By W. CLARK RUSSELL,

AUTHOR OF "LIST, YE LANDSMEN!" "THE ROMANCE OF A TRANSPORT," "THE WRECK OF THE 'GROSVENOR.'" "AN OCEAN TRAGEDY," "THE FROZEN PIRATE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

CONCLUSION.

The benefit and presentation were fixed by his Excellency to take place on a Monday evening. In all this time, owing to my having had scarcely an hour to myself, I had seen nothing of Kate Darnley; a few letters had passed between us, and I was aware that she was fairly comfortable, though I found no note of good spirits in what she wrote. When I was informed that Monday was the night of the presentation, I asked her, in a letter, to attend the theater with me. She wrote yes, requested me to fetch her, and inclosed an invitation to dinner from Mrs. Carey, in whose family she was governess.

On Monday afternoon I drove to Mrs. Carey's villa in Darlinghurst. Kate received me alone in the drawing room. She was dressed in white, ready for the play; not a shilling's worth of jewelry was on her, save a plain ring and a little brooch which had been her mother's. She wore some lovely red flower in her rich black hair; her eyes were soft and wistful; I missed the clear light that glowed in them at sea. She looked sweet and well; a fine full figure of a girl, and a lady.

"This," said I, as I gazed round the charmingly furnished apartment, "is almost as brilliant and breezy as the cuddy of the Earl of Leicester. Are you kindly treated?"

"Very kindly."

"Are you happy?"

"I am now," she answered.

I understood her and said, "You must give yourself time to find people out."

"I don't mean that. I am happy now because you're here. It does me good to see you. I am at Blathford again——" she broke off.

"I would have been with you every day, but could not."

"When do you sail?"

"The date's not yet fixed; in eight or ten weeks hence, I dare say." Finding her silent, I said, "Have you made any friends? People, I mean, who ask you to their houses, and cultivate you for yourself?"

"No, nor am I likely to do so as a governess. Those I have met are stiff and distant. I don't fancy they want poor ladies out here. The position is a false one in England; it is falser still in this country. I feel as though people walked around me, and eyed me from head to heel, saying, 'What's this? It's not a servant or a working woman. It can't be a lady, because it's poor, and lives by teaching. What, then, is it?' That's how they make me feel."

"Kate, what will grieve you more than people's behavior is the thought that England is sixteen thousand miles off."

"Don't speak of it!" she cried quickly, with a passionate shake of her head, as though angered by some sudden trouble of tears. "Let it be as far distant as the moon. I am as friendless there as here. What has distance to do with the sorrows and happiness of such as I? Distance is not time."

"Kate, when I am in England you'll not be without a friend there," said I.

Just then Mrs. Carey entered; a tall, handsome lady, very richly dressed for the play, and in a few minutes I was deep in talk with her, on the now inevitable subject of my experience in the Pacific. Half an hour later we went to dinner.

We parted together for the theater; the Careys in their own, Kate and I in a hired carriage. Already the theater was crammed. I took a peep at the ocean of hair in the pit—the colony was too young for bald heads in those days—and warily squinted at the billow of faces rolling down from gallery to circle.

"They mean to convey me to that stage there, where I shall have to make a speech," said I. "The very thought deprives me of utterance, and my tongue feels to be coiled up like a rope that wants the turn taken out of it."

"Say little, and think only of what you say, not at all of those who listen. Have you got a speech by heart?"

"Twenty, and I forget them all!"

At this moment the orchestra played "God save the Queen," and Sir Charles and Lady Mary and two or three others, all brilliant in uniform, her ladyship gorgeous in satin and sparkling ornaments, entered a large stage box almost abreast of the one we occupied. I kept out of sight, and Kate sat well back.

The curtain rose upon a nautical drama. It was called "Tempest Tossed." I suppose there is nothing in the world's literature so bad as the British nautical drama, and there could be nothing in the British nautical drama worse than "Tempest Tossed." However, even the worst of the acting was handsomely applauded. The curtain fell at 10 o'clock and I observed a movement in his Excellency's box, and fancied I caught a vision of Mr. Levy's face among the uniforms. Suddenly the orchestra struck up "Hearts of Oak," the curtain rose, and my spirits sank. All this while the pit and gallery were roaring, for when the curtain rose this was the picture it exposed: At the back was a representation, very well done, of Sydney bay, with the Earl of Leicester at anchor; the colors of all nations were draped on either hand, and to left and right, in front of the stage, hung huge British ensigns, the crimson cross, the royal standard, and other flags of our country. On each side of the stage were grouped the girls who had formed my crew. Levy had collected them all, and there they were! Yes! The whole of them saving Alice Perry; all dressed in the clothes they had worn at sea.

But even while I was looking and while the pit and gallery were thundering the door of our box was opened, and Mr. Levy entered to bear me away to the stage. I followed, with the sensations of a malefactor who walks from his cell to the place where he is to be pinioned. Mr. Levy sought to cheer me up, and, when we were arrived behind the scenes, he gave me a bumper of champagne. I heard somebody talking on the stage; there was now a profound stillness in the house. I approached the "wings," and perceived a gentleman in a frock coat close to the footlights, addressing the audience. I asked Mr. Levy what the gentleman was doing. He said he was relating the story of the adventures of the Earl of Leicester. The gentleman was frequently interrupted by clapping and cheers.

I was too nervous to heed him, and all the while was trying to hearten myself by looking at the girls of my crew, many of whom stood plain in my sight, though they could not see me. Presently Mr. Littleworth ceased; this was the dreaded "cue."

"Now, captain," said Mr. Levy, and marched me right on to the middle of the stage.

I do not recollect what then exactly happened. I was carried down to the orchestra, which struck up at sight of me, and the noise was deafening, while the hurrahs! roared in the building like the bellowing of a Horn gale through naked spars.

Mr. Levy led me to the box where sat the governor, who arose, amid a profound stillness, and addressed me. The newspapers printed a full account of this presentation, but why should I inflict the speeches upon you? Enough if I say that Sir Charles, after speaking for about a quarter of an hour, handed me a purse of seven hundred guineas, "in testimony of the admiration felt by the people of Sydney for my having delivered, from a situation of terrible peril, between seventy and eighty helpless female emigrants, who, but for the judgment I had exhibited, might have suffered even a worse fate than shipwreck."

All this was well understood, and it was true!

I stuttered out a few sentences of thanks, though I was afterward told I did not make so ill a figure as I had supposed.

When the presentation was over, the curtain fell amid a fresh outburst of roaring, but for another quarter of an hour I was occupied behind the scenes in shaking hands with my girls, asking them questions, and drinking their health in champagne.

In the lobby of the theater, while on my way with Kate to the carriage I had hired, we met Mr. and Mrs. Carey, who wanted to drive us home; but my opportunities for seeing Kate were few, and I wished to be alone with her. Then would I take a bed at their house in Darlinghurst? I accepted the offer with thanks. They got into their landau, and Kate and I followed in a cab.

I pulled out the purse, and by the help of the lamp posts we passed, found that the gift was in notes, with fifty pounds in gold, and odd money to make up the guineas.

"What do you think of it all?" said I to Kate, while I pocketed the money.

"I am very glad you are so fortunate."

"Nothing of it's deserved, I suppose? It's all luck!"

"A bit of both," she answered.

"Did I make a good speech?"

She laughed, but returned no answer.

"How long will it take," said I, "for the people of this liberal and prosperous colony to forget all about my exploit?"

"They can think of nothing but the gold diggings. If I were a man I would go and dig. Mr. Carey was saying yesterday that he met a man who, in three days, had found gold at a place called Ophir worth eleven hundred pounds. His cradle cost him five shillings, and his whole outfit two pounds twelve!"

"I'm going home to London," said I, and I began to whistle.

Presently I said, "I may now consider myself very well off. What don't I owe Brigstock? He stole me, and now behold me! I'm worth seven hundred pounds odd, in what is termed hard cash; I've obtained command at twelve pounds a month; the agents assure me that the owners are not likely to resist any modest claims I may make for salvage—for preserving the ship and most of the cargo anyhow. There's no earthly reason, now that I'm skipper of the vessel, why I shouldn't go on holding that post till they give me another appointment, unless I go into steam, which I've rather a fancy for. Don't I owe Brigstock much, Kate?"

"Why, yes, as you put it."

"He brought us together, Kate."

"In the middle of the ocean."

"I once said you would sail home with me in the cuddy of the Earl of Leicester. Do you remember?"

She was silent. I felt for, and found her hand, and held it.

"Do you remember?" I repeated.

"Yes."

"I also, on several occasions, said that you were my only mate."

"You always put Alice Perry before me."

"See here, Kate. You know what's coming; not that I feel it in your hand, though most girls, it's said, tremble on these occasions. You know what's coming Kate?"

"How can I imagine?"

"Will you be my wife?"

"O Charlie! Are you in earnest?"

"Do you think I'm old Harding or Jupe Jackson? In earnest!" and here I put my arm around her waist.

She made no fuss, but said quite calmly, "Charlie, I love you, and if I did not know that, as a wife, I should be a burden to you, I'd say yes. Think it over, dear; you'll have plenty of leisure while sailing home, and you may come out here again. If you do, and are still of the same mind, you'll find me ready."

"Perhaps married," said I.

"No."

"Think! You are the sweetest girl in this colony. How long shall you remain single? There may be a jolly old squatter there, or there," cried I, pointing through one window, then through the other, "with a fortune of a hundred thousand waiting for you. Give me this hand before he takes it," said I, squeezing her fingers.

She laughed softly and nervously, and said, "You're not old enough to marry."

"Don't believe it!"

"You can't know your own mind."

"I know my own heart."

"O Charlie, I wish I knew what to do!"

And now I really felt the dear girl's hand tremble.

"Say yes. They were quick enough aboard ship. Hannah didn't keep Brigstock waiting in this fashion."

Then losing patience I caught her in my arms, brought her face to mine, and held her till she said yes, by which time we were within three minutes of Mrs. Carey's house.

So reluctant are girls to get married.

I sailed from Sydney a married man, in command of the Earl of Leicester, on the 24th of October, 1851, and with me went my young wife and six saloon and fourteen steerage passengers. The voyage home was as flat and commonplace a procession of weeks as the passage out had been feverishly exciting with incident, menace, and ever-haunting peril; and we anchored in the River Thames, January 30, 1852, without a log-entry good enough to detain the eye for a moment.

You will not suppose that in all these months I had forgotten the Hebe, and Captain Cadman and Mr. Fletcher of Bristol. Ever since the hour of my regaining consciousness on the great Salvage Island, I had determined, when I got home, to swear an information against the scoundrels who, whether they had succeeded or not in defrauding the underwriters, were to all intents and purposes my murderers. And now my ship was hardly berthed in the West India docks when I received news of the Hebe.

Messrs. Norton & Jackson had, as may be supposed, written a full account of my experiences to the owners of the Earl of Leicester by an early ship soon after my arrival at Sydney, therefore on my meeting Mr. Donald Grant, a partner in the firm, almost the first words words he addressed to me were:

"Did you hear as you came up channel that they succeeded in wrecking the Hebe in Table Bay? but so clumsily that the man Fletcher was drowned, along with two of the crew; so clumsily, indeed, that the rogue Cadman, through overtalking himself with Fletcher during the passage out put it into the power of the crew to inform against him? Portions of the cargo which were washed ashore were examined; the wreck, as she lay stranded, was overhauled, and Cadman was sent home to take his trial on the charge of casting the brig away."

"Is Cadman in custody in this country?"

"Aye, they have him snug and tight in the Old Bailey."

As early as possible I procured the address of the solicitors for the prosecution. They welcomed me. It seems that the man had almost slipped through their fingers. The ship he had been sent home in touched at Madeira, and Cadman escaped by swimming to a vessel that lay closer inshore than his own; he hung by her cable—it was night time—and called for help, and was put ashore by the ship's boat; the seamen, who were French, supposing that he belonged to the island, and had been capsized while out fishing.

Cadman escaped from Madeira in a schooner; his adventures afterwards I am unable to relate; when next heard of he had arrived in England in the William Wallace, from Cape de Verde, whether in custody or not I cannot say; on landing, he was immediately collared and locked up.

His trial took place in April, at the Central Criminal court. There was yet a fortnight till the sailing of the Earl of Leicester, and I was able to attend the trial without inconvenience. Cadman, I presume, did not know that I was to be called, and I shall never forget the scoundrel's face when he saw me. For months he had thought of me as dead. Fletcher had come off from the island, and told him he had thrown me over a hundred feet of cliff.

The visage of the miscreant at sight of me would have transported him, though there had been no other evidence of his guilt. I see him now, as he stands in the dock, eying me with his malevolent, askant gaze, motionless, yellow, every muscle of his face rigid, as though I had been the devil, waiting for the judge to pass sentence to fly away with him.

The man was, of course, guilty, and the jury pronounced him so, that is, of of casting the Hebe away (he was not charged with conspiring to murder me, possibly because they could not have brought it home to him). The evidence was damning, and I had the satisfaction of hearing the judge sentence James Cadman to be transported beyond the seas for the term of his natural life.

I was in Sydney again in August, 1852, and heard that an armed brig, which had been dispatched to search for the Brigstock settlement, had returned without having anything to report. I saw her log book, and understood why they had not fallen in with Bull's island. Some pressure, as the term is, was put upon me to disclose the men's whereabouts, but I kept the oath and the secret with an obstinacy worthy a better cause.

However, when a voyage later I was again at Sydney, they had news to give me. A colonial trader bloodship to Melbourne had spoken a whaler; the captains had exchanged visits during a prolonged calm; and the whaling captain told the other that he had touched at an island he had once or twice visited for water and nuts, and, greatly to his surprise, found it inhabited by white men and women. He said that the chief of the party was one Brigstock, a grave, formal, solemn-faced fellow. They had built themselves a village, and appeared to want for nothing, yet some of them seemed restless and uneasy. The whaling skipper, who had heard of the affair of the Earl of Leicester, guessed who those people were, and told them that the governor of New South Wales had dispatched an armed vessel in search of them. He also gave them the news of the discovery of gold in the Wellington and Bathurst districts, this intelligence he had got from a Yankee at the Sandwich islands.

The little trading schooner arrived at Melbourne with this report, which was immediately forwarded to the governor at Sydney. No latitude and longitude had been stated by the whaling skipper, but the master of the schooner gathered from the other's conversation that the island the Brigstock party had settled was situated on the parallel of Hercules' island, some leagues to the eastward of it.

The armed brig found the island without difficulty; a boat's crew went ashore; the village, as described by the whaling skipper, was discovered, charmingly situated in a beautiful valley near the great lagoon; every house stood in a large enclosed garden, but not a living creature was to be seen!

The goods taken from the hold of the Earl of Leicester were distributed among the houses, or stored in a little gallery of natural caverns on the north shore of the island. They were collected and taken on board, and when they were examined at Sydney the quantity missing—chiefly tinned food, wearing apparel, blankets and the like—did not exceed in value the amount the ship was indebted to the sailors for wages.

Of Brigstock and his family of settlers nothing was ever heard—nothing, at all events, that reached my ears. The boats they had taken had not been seen by the people of the armed brig; it was assumed that the party had gone aboard a vessel in them, and that they had been held in discharge of the cost of giving the women a passage—the men working it out for themselves. No doubt the people had been alarmed by learning that an armed brig was seeking them; their views, too, on settling and becoming fathers and elders might also have been influenced by the news of gold in a continent that was hard by. Likely enough they all went secretly to some Australian port, and there dispersed, each man taking his partner with him—or not! as it might have happened.

Now for the final curious incident: it was in this same year of 1853, and my ship was lying abreast of the wool sheds at Sydney, loaded down to the chain plate bolts, ready to sail in three days. I was writing a letter at the cuddy table, when my chief officer came in, and said that a lady was on the quay side asking permission to step aboard and see me.

"Doesn't she give her name?" said I.

"No, sir. She's a handsome woman, finely dressed, yet she don't look a lady either."

"Bring her aboard and show her aft here," said I.

I went on with my letter. Presently I was sensible of somebody entering the cuddy door. I dropped my pen, started up, looked, and yet looked again, almost as stiff with the paralysis of astonishment as Cadman had been at sight of me.

It was Alice Perry!

I recognized her in a moment, for all that I had reckoned her dead as the ooze at the bottom of the salt sea. She was dressed as fashionably as any grand lady in Sydney at that time; the sight of me filled her face with color; her eyes sparkled; and she advanced, her hand extended, with one of her well-remembered smiles, a very glare of large white teeth.

"Cap'n," she cried, "do you want an 'ousemaid?" And she burst into one of her hysteric, shrieking laughs, to the amazement of the mate, a slow-minded Irishman, who stood viewing us at the cuddy door.

I peered at her with my head stretched forward, incredulous of the evidence of my vision. I then said, taking her hand:

"I thought you were drowned?"

"I ought to be," she answered; "and all along of you, too—but that's past." Yet she gave me a look as she said this, which made me fancy it was not quite so.

I made her sit down, and sat beside her, and then after I had answered the fifty questions she plied me with—if it was true I had married Kate Darnley; if I could tell her what had become of my crew of girls, and how they were doing; if it was true the Brigstock settlement had been broken up, and so on—she related her extraordinary story.

She told it with her eyes on fire, her cheeks hot as a tropic sunset, but with a most intrepid audacious expression of face.

She had thought herself in love with me, and so she might have been, she said; her jealousy was making a devil of her; often when Kate Darnley had been quietly talking with her, she had scarcely been able to restrain her passion of desire to stab her to the heart. She feared she would go mad. She was in secret most horribly miserable; so she resolved to destroy herself.

The night she was missing, after writing her strange letter to me, she dropped down over the bows (as I had supposed) and sank silently. The ship rippled onward, leaving her astern; she declared she floated an hour in full consciousness, watching the stars, and wondering if God would forgive her. All then was blank till coming to her senses, she found herself in a native hut, watched by a number of dusky men and women.

Undoubtedly she had been picked up by the canoe whose people I heard hallooing, that speck I had noticed in the midst of the silver under the moon. The natives treated her with great humanity. An old chief asked her to be his wife. They offered her no indignities, and let her do as she liked. As her male attire were out, they furnished her with a covering of tappa. She lived in this condition of seven months, during which time she never saw a ship.

At last one morning a small bark appeared off the island; at her request, without the least manifestation of reluctance, the natives put her aboard, and she was carried to Hobart Town, where she married a young butcher.

Her husband, hearing of the gold rush, brought her to Australia, where he was fortunate enough to pick up in a few months a fortune of 30,000 pounds.

The next voyage I made was to India. When I was again in Sydney I learned that Alice had died two months before the ship's arrival.

THE END.

—No other Sarsaparilla has equaled Hood's in the relief it gives in severest cases of dyspepsia, sick headache, biliousness, etc.

RECENT LITERATURE.

Latest Volumes to be Found on the Blade Book Table.

Harper and Brothers, New York city, issue a very handsome volume, finely illustrated, entitled "Hints for Many Lands," by Theodore Ayrault Dodge, the author of "The Campaign of Chancellorsville," "A Bird's-Eye View of Our Civil War," "Great Captains" and others. It is a thorough discussion of the different ways of riding in various sports and exercises in the different countries of the world, and is full of interest to all who enjoy riding.

"Chances of Success," a book further described upon the title page as "Episodes and Observations in the Life of a Busy Man," by Erastus Wiman, is published by the author, it is made up of short articles upon different subjects, all referring to conditions at various times in this country, and drawing conclusions from them as to the future. The book will be found very readable, especially by women. Erastus Wiman, 1 Broadway, New York city.

William Dean Howell's pretty little comedy, "Evening Dress," is re-published.

"Short Stories," edited by Constance Cary Harrison, is the latest publication of Harper's Mistaff Series. The volume is composed of "My Own Story," "In Honor Bound," "An Island," "A Speakin' Ghost," "Monsieur Caudalet," "Ashes of Roses," by Louise Knight Wheatley, is an exceedingly pretty love story, full of bright incidents and pleasant people. The story told in the first person by the heroine herself, ends most happily. The book, which is bound in pale pink and silver, is published by Dodd, Mead & Co., of New York.

"Christ the Orator," by Rev. T. Alexander Hyde, is a work, the literary value of which is beyond question. The author endeavors to show that since Christ was God Himself, and typical life to man. He was not only the truth, but also the expression or pattern of the truth; hence His expression is as important as His divine or human nature. The Arena Pub. Co., Copley Square, Boston, Mass.

"Irish Idyls," by Jane Barlow, is published by Dodd, Mead & Co. "In Lismore and other places," writes the author in her preface, "we have found that there are plenty of things besides gold to be found in a bog." This little book attempts to record some of these things, including, I hope, a proportion of that 'human nature' which a certain humorist has declared to exist in considerable quantities among the Irish."

"The Border of Isabel," a novel by J. Maclaren Cobban, the latest issue of Harper's Franklin Square Library, is a brilliant and well told story combining much romance, as well as adventure. Isabel's "burden," which consists of a great fortune, slips away from her in the last chapter of the book and her happiness begins at the point where the author, as well as the fortune, makes his adieu. Harper & Bros., Pub., New York.

"The Adventures of a Brownie," by Miss Mulock, is a charmingly written book for children. It is printed on fine paper, with colored borders, and is fully illustrated, containing a vignette title, and additional features not found in the other edition than that of the "Children's Favorite Classics." T. Y. Crowell & Co., Publishers, New York.

"Within College Walls," by Charles Franklin Thwing, discusses, in a liberal spirit, those topics which are uppermost in interest in the students themselves, as well as to their parents and others, concerned in their work and welfare. This carefully and entertainingly written presentation of conclusions drawn from the author's personal experience as student and president, after an college student and encouragement to those within college walls, and as an enlightened statement of college aims, tendencies and possibilities to those friends without. The Baker & Taylor Co., Publishers, 740 Broadway, N.Y.

"Melody," by Laura E. Richards, author of "Captain January," is a beautiful little story of child-life in New England surrounded by the scenes of the heroine's sad affliction of blindness, and the patience and sweetness shown by her in spite of her trouble, comprise the real charm and pathos of the story. The book is characteristically bound in dark green with a bar of music across the cover. "Melody" is brightly written and contains many well-drawn pictures of New England characters. Published by Estes & Lauriat, Boston.

"A General Outline of Civil Government in the United States," by Clarence H. Higby, Ph. D., is published by Lee & Shepard, Milk street, Boston. The work of this work is very simple, beginning with Part I., The State and the Government. Part II., The United States and the Departments of Government. Part III., Territories and Territories. Part IV., Counties, Townships, Cities, Towns, etc. Part V., The Constitution of the United States—supplemented by a series of questions on each part.

The "Report of the Theosophical Congress," held by the Theosophical society, at the Parliament of Religions at the World's Fair, in September, is published by The Path, 144 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Good News for Sufferers—Catarrh and Consumption Cured.

Our readers who are victims of Lung Diseases, Catarrh, Bronchitis and Consumption, will be glad to know of the wonderful cures made by the new treatment known as Dr. Boyle's Anderalton Discovery. The New Medical Advance, 67 East 6th street, Cincinnati, Ohio, will send you this new treatment free for trial. Write to them. Give age and all particulars of your disease.

Netted.

Tom—"What are you so sad about?"

Jack—"I believed all the rot the comic papers publish about summer engagements."

Tom—"Well?"

Jack—"Three of the girls I got engaged to insist on keeping it up after the summer is over."—Truth.

A Well-Bred Parrot.

Mr. Wilson has a parrot which he feels sure used to belong to one of the best families, because it always talks when any one begins to sing.—Youth's Companion.

Mrs. Mary E. O'Fallon
of Piqua, O., says the Physicians are Astonished, and look at her like one

Raised from the Dead

Long and Terrible Illness from Blood Poisoning

Completely Cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Mrs. Mary O'Fallon, a very intelligent lady of Piqua Ohio, was poisoned while assisting physicians at an autopsy 5 years ago, and soon **terrible ulcers** broke out on her head, arms, tongue and throat. Her hair all came out. She weighed but 78 lbs., and saw no prospect of help. At last she began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and at once improved; could soon get out of bed and walk. She says: "I became perfectly cured by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

and am now a well woman. I weigh 128 lbs., eat well and do the work for a large family. My case seems a wonderful recovery, and physicians look at me in astonishment, as almost **like one raised from the dead.**" Be sure to get Hood's.

HOOD'S PILLS should be in every family medicine chest. Once used, always preferred.

FOR REVOLVER SHOOTERS

AN EXPERT TELLS HOW ONE MAY LEARN ITS SECRETS.

The Proper Way to Hold the Weapon and How to Pull the Trigger—The Best Style.

"The revolver," says Mr. W. R. Pryor, an expert pistol shot, in the St. Louis Dispatch, "is practically an American weapon. The scores made by Americans have never been approached by any other nation. They are not only first, but they occupy every position between that and twentieth. The revolvers in use are of two kinds—quick-firing or self-cocking and single action. What the self cocker gains in rapidity of action is more than lost by lack of accuracy. Still, several men have been able to put five shots in a space one foot square at a distance of 36 feet in four-

THE PROPER GRASP.

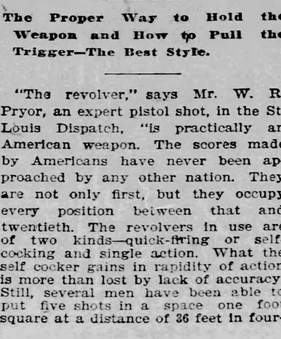
fifths of one second. Such work is exceptional.

"There is a certain small class of individuals who can not put three bricks in line on a table. Such, of course, can never learn to shoot.

"The accuracy of revolvers is dependent upon the make, dimensions and charge. I prefer the 38-44 revolver. This is a large weapon and heavy, and it is the one used for illutsration. I like it because the ratio between caliber, powder and weight of ball makes it the best. The recoil is least with a full charge; the accuracy is greatest, and it is effective at a longer range than any other caliber. The front sight should be beaded, but serviceable; the rear sight open, but adjustable to elevation and frind. Only so much powder should be used as will give the best results.

"For target use up to fifteen yards, six grains of fine powder and a round ball; up to 50 yards, fifteen grains and a conical ball. Beyond 50 yards, I use my .38-44, 20 grains of powder and a conical bullet weighing 146 grains. The range of such a revolver with serviceable accuracy is 200 yards, but I have reached the target at 500 yards. This is a degree of efficiency greater than that of many rifles used in our civil war.

"Having chosen his weapon and ammunition, the beginner should learn how to stand and hold the revolver. Both are best shown by illustrations,



THE CORRECT POSITION.

in all of which the revolver is cocked ready to fire.

"The body should be balanced equally on each foot, slightly facing the target, and the arm held perfectly straight out. The arm should never be bent. The hand grasps the revolver high on the butt, with the thumb well around to the inside and straight and the trigger finger entirely free. This throws the work of holding the revolver upon the three outer other fingers. The object of this position of the hand is to get the barrel in an exact line with the arm when extended, thus bringing the target, the sights and eye in one line. This position also minimizes the effect of trembling and rotating the arm. The weapon being properly aimed, it should be held there, and the trigger very gently and steadily pressed. The mind should forget the possibility of an explosion, and the whole attention devoted to holding the sights of the revolver in exactly the proper position on the target.

"Above all things should the shooter keep up a steady pressure with the trigger finger, and on no account should he yield to the temptation to

PAINE'S GRIP (back view).

add just a little more force suddenly. The technical terms expressing these qualifications are 'good holder' and 'good trigger pull.'

"There is no firearm requiring a more delicate co-ordination of eyesight, muscular action and nerve than the revolver. Skill in slow firing should be obtained before attempting shooting at glass balls, splitting cards, driving tacks, dueling, etc. The most difficult fancy shot is snuffing a burning candle. But the greatest strain is felt in putting bullet after bullet into one small black spot.

"Shooting at the word can be brought to great perfection. There are many men who at ten paces can fire before the word "two," and in a hundred shots never miss a man. Your quarreling French deputies would find even their 75 paces unsafe with such. Shooting off turtles' heads, killing squirrels and large birds are common feats with the expert. One trigger pull should always be used, and a pull of two and a half pounds is a good average.

"If the revolver is carried for defensive purposes, it should be stuck under the waistband of the trousers, and not put into the hip pocket. Failure to do this cost the green goods man, Tom Davis, his life."

A Child Enjoys

The pleasant flavor, gentle action and soothing effects of Syrup of Figs, when in need of a laxative, and if the father or mother is costive or bilious, the most gratifying results follow its use; so that it is the best family remedy known, and every family should have a bottle on hand.

IDLE MUSINGS.

"Oh, what's the matter with Rio?"
A voice falls on the quiet.
The painter bold
Retains his hold
And murmurs, "She's all Riot."
—Washington Star.

She searched his pockets through and through.
Yet felt no jealous thrill,
Though she found some lines from an old, old flame,
A great unpaid gas bill.
—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

And now the city huntsman
Goes forth for deer and bear.
And comes back home within a week
With two peewees and a hare.
—Kansas City Journal.

Oh, woodman, spare that tree—
You must not cut it down;
It's the only place, you see,
To hang a man in town.
—Washington News.

Of the Van Alen School.

"Chollie got weal cute at the club today."

"Haw?"

"Haw? Oli Gotwex was pwosing away about the pwessing duties of a citizen, and Chollie told him that he welegated all pwessing duties to his father, don't you know?"

His Chief Fault.

"Why do you frown on me so? I'm not old and grizzled like Col. Gaybo."

"That's just the trouble. You're too fresh."—Music and Drama.

The Sunday School.

Grateful Obedience.

LESSON X, DECEMBER 3, 1893.
Golden Text—We love him, because he first loved us.—1 John, iv, 19.
LESSON TEXT.
(James i, 16-27.)

16. Do not err, my beloved brethren.
17. Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.
18. Of his own will begat he us with the word of truth, that we should be a kind of first fruits of his creatures.
19. Wherefore, my beloved brethren, let every man be swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath:
20. For the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God.
21. Wherefore lay apart all filthiness and superfluity of naughtiness, and receive with meekness the engrafted word, which is able to save your souls.
22. But be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves.
23. For if any be a hearer of the word, and not a doer, he is like unto a man beholding his natural face in a glass:
24. For he beholdeth himself, and goeth his way, and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was.
25. But whoso looketh into the perfect law of liberty, and continueth therein, he being not a forgetful hearer, but a doer of the work, this man shall be blessed in his deed.
26. If any man among you seem to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, this man's religion is vain.
27. Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world (v. 27.) Religion is here represented in a threefold aspect, or with threefold duties; with a duty toward God, a duty toward our fellows, and a duty toward ourselves; and these duties are named as if in that order of importance. First, we are to live as in God's sight, and as the children of God. Secondly, we are to live for our fellows, having an especial care for those who are in special need of care. Thirdly, we are to so live as to keep ourselves from the stain of impure surroundings. Men have always been prone to neglect or ignore one or another of these duties, or to reverse their Bible order. A great many have given the first thought to themselves unspotted from the world; and, so thinking, they have shut themselves out from the world, within the walls of a monastery or a convent, as if in a glass case, in order to be free from soiling while they were securing their salvation. But in this reversal of the Bible order, they have wholly neglected their fellows; and in so doing have dishonored, by misrepresenting, their God and Father, while they have also soiled their souls with the mildew of their uncalled-for confinement. Others, again, have put their duty to their fellows as foremost, and have neglected all recognition of God, and all proclamation of him as deserving the honor of their good works of every kind. Yet others have seemed to think that if they worshiped God, and gave liberally to his cause, they had no personal duty to visit and to minister to their needy fellows. But he who is an attentive hearer and a faithful doer of the inspired word of God, will recognize the sacred trinity of duties in religion, and will be faithful to his God, to his neighbor, and to himself.
—H. Clay Trumbull in S. S. Times.

Illustrative Applications.

Be not deceived, my beloved brethren. Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, coming down from the Father of lights, with whom can be no variation, neither shadow that is cast by turning (vs. 16, 17). The best gift ever given to man is the knowledge of God. That gift in itself raises the lowest order of man above the highest order of brutes, and opens before the lowest man possibilities above the highest angels. And such a gift as that could not have had any other author than God. Divine revelation is the only source of religion. No man or set of men ever conceived the idea of God, or of any form of religion, unaided by God's original revelation of himself, or some vestiges of it. Be not deceived on this point, even though you should read all that has been said on the other side, by all the carpers and scoffers in ancient or in modern times. And be sure, also, that the revelation which came from the unswerving God has not the slightest twist in it. There may have been a twist in its transcriptions, or in its translations, or in the popular understanding of it which the progress of science or of textual criticism will enable you to straighten out. But the revelation itself is as true and as straightforward as its divine Author.

But let every man be swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath (v. 19). It is a great thing to fairly know what is said to you before you decide to act on it, before you make your comments on it, before you get angry over it; it is a rare thing as well as an important one. Most of the differences among men grow out of misunderstandings; misunderstandings, too, which would have been avoided if the hearers had only been as slow to wrath and as slow to speech as they were slow and deceitful in hearing what was said to them. And this is quite as true in the realm of religious discussion as in any other realm. Fault-finding with a preacher's pulpit utterances is more commonly based on what a hasty temper thought he heard than on what he did hear. Ten men will dispute with each other angrily over a point in Bible teaching without once turning to the Bible itself to consider carefully the spirit and declarations of the inspired text, where one man will go reverently and teachably to the text to ascertain its real meaning on the point in question, with a simple purpose for learning what God, his Father, has said about it. So the injunction of James is still timely. Remember that the Bible came from God, and that therefore it is all true and all right. And because it is God who there speaks to you, give attention to its teachings. Be quick to hear every word of its commandments, its counsels, and its warnings; for they are as your very life. But be cautious in your comments on those teachings, or in your responses to them, especially where you do not fully understand, or are unready to accept, them. Above all, have a care not to be provoked at Bible teachings which are hard to be comprehended, or which go against your grain; "for the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God."

But be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deluding your own selves (v. 22). There is no merit in mere Bible hearing or Bible studying; but not everybody seems to realize that truth. Many a man prides himself on his regularity in church attendance, without even a thought of how his Sunday hearing affects his weekday doing. Many a pastor or teacher thinks that the memorizing of the golden texts, or of the selected verses, or of the entire lesson selections, by the scholars generally in his school, is in itself a proof of the efficiency of that school, because it proves that the scholars there have been good hearers of the Bible words. But while good hearing is an essential preliminary to good doing in the line pointed out, good hearing practically amounts to nothing if it does not lead to good doing. It would be far better for a hearer, in church or in Sunday school, to hear just one precious sentence of Bible truth, and act on it, than for him to hear attentively, and to memorize accurately, every word of the Bible from Genesis to Revelation, without acting on the chief teachings of inspired volume. Giving prominence to the hearing of God's word rather than to the doing of it, is quite as prominent a mode of delusion in our day as in the days of James. That is why the avearge pew-holder buys a seat in church—to show that he is a hearer of the word, whether he is a doer or not.

Pure religion and undefiled before our God and Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world (v. 27.) Religion is here represented in a threefold aspect, or with threefold duties; with a duty toward God, a duty toward our fellows, and a duty toward ourselves; and these duties are named as if in that order of importance. First, we are to live as in God's sight, and as the children of God. Secondly, we are to live for our fellows, having an especial care for those who are in special need of care. Thirdly, we are to so live as to keep ourselves from the stain of impure surroundings. Men have always been prone to neglect or ignore one or another of these duties, or to reverse their Bible order. A great many have given the first thought to themselves unspotted from the world; and, so thinking, they have shut themselves out from the world, within the walls of a monastery or a convent, as if in a glass case, in order to be free from soiling while they were securing their salvation. But in this reversal of the Bible order, they have wholly neglected their fellows; and in so doing have dishonored, by misrepresenting, their God and Father, while they have also soiled their souls with the mildew of their uncalled-for confinement. Others, again, have put their duty to their fellows as foremost, and have neglected all recognition of God, and all proclamation of him as deserving the honor of their good works of every kind. Yet others have seemed to think that if they worshiped God, and gave liberally to his cause, they had no personal duty to visit and to minister to their needy fellows. But he who is an attentive hearer and a faithful doer of the inspired word of God, will recognize the sacred trinity of duties in religion, and will be faithful to his God, to his neighbor, and to himself.
—H. Clay Trumbull in S. S. Times.

$20 Reward

IT COSTS NOTHING TO TRY

$20.00 WILL BE AWARDED

A PROPORTIONATE AWARD FOR A SIMILAR CORRECT ANSWER TO ANY ONE OF THE FOUR.

IT COSTS NOTHING TO TRY YOUR SKILL.

Simply write out what, after careful study, you believe are the answers required to win the $20 reward, and don't forget that if your answers are only partially right you will still win a just proportion of the full reward. Then write your name and address plainly, inclose answers and send them to us. You are not required to send a penny, only your answers—and even return postage on the Awarding Committee's SEALED report to you—we pay that.

HERE ARE THE FOUR BRAIN-BURNISHERS:

1 •R•••••NT — What many politicians, political orators, and others would like to be.

2 •EA•TY — Desirable for all women, and especially for those with plain faces.

3 •R••S — That for which women fond of showy attire often sigh—too much money.

4 •I•HT — Desired in their hearts by gamblers, and by many others who have not the courage to

Talmage's Sermon.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE "IFS" OF THE BIBLE.

A Small Word, But It Plays an Important Part in the History and Religion of the World.

In the Tabernacle this week, Rev. Dr. Talmage delivered one of his most unique and useful sermons from a text never before preached from. Subject: "The 'Ifs' of the Bible." The text chosen was Exodus xxxii. 32: "If thou wilt forgive their sin—and, if not, blot me, I pray thee, out of thy book."

There is in our English language a small conjunction, which I propose, by God's help, to haul out of its present insignificance and set upon the throne where it belongs, and that is the conjunction "if." Though made of only two letters, it is the pivot on which everything turns. All time and all eternity are at its disposal. We slur it in our utterance, we ignore it in our appreciation, and none of us recognize it as the most tremendous word in all the vocabulary outside of those words which describe deity. If! Why, that word we take as a tramp among words, now appearing here, now appearing there, when it really has a millionairdom of worlds and in its train walk all planetary, stellar, lunar, solar destinies. If the boat of leaves, made watertight in which infant Moses sailed the Nile, had sunk, who would have led Israel out of Egypt? If the Red sea had not parted for the escape of one host, and then come together for the submergence of another host, would the Book of Exodus ever have been written? If the ship on which Columbus sailed for America had gone down in an Atlantic cyclone, how much longer it would have taken for the discovery of this continent? If Grouchy had come up with reinforcements in time to give the French the victory at Waterloo, what would have been the fate of Europe? If the Spanish Armada had not been wrecked off the coast, how different would have been many chapters in English history. If the battle of Hastings, or the battle of Pultowa, or the battle of Mataurus, or the battle of Arbela, or the battle of Chalons, each of which turned the world's destiny, had been decided the other way.

If Shakespeare had never been born for the drama, or Handel had never been born for music, or Titian had never been born for painting, or Thorwaldsen had never been born for eloquence, or Socrates had never been born for philosophy, or Blackstone had never been born for the law, or Copernicus had never been born for astronomy, or Luther had never been born for the Reformation! Oh, that conjunction "if!" How much has depended on it. The height of it, the depth of it, the length of it, the breadth of it, the immensity of it, the infinity of it, who can measure? It would swamp anything but Omnipotence. But I must confine myself to-day to the "ifs" of the Bible, and in doing so shall speak of the "if" of overpowering earnestness, the "if" of incredulity, the "if" of threat, the "if" of argumentation, the "if" of eternal significance, or so many of these "ifs" as I can compass in the time that may be reasonably allotted to pulpit discourse.

Another Bible "if" is the "if" of incredulity. Satan used it when Christ with his vitality depressed by forty days' abstinence from food, the tempter pointed to some stones, in color and shape like loaves of bread, and said, "If thou be the Son of God command that these stones be made bread." That was appropriate for Satan is the father of that "if" of incredulity. Peter used that same "if" when, standing on the wet and slippery deck of a fishing smack of Lake Galilee, he saw Christ walking on the sea as though it were solid as a pavement of basalt from the adjoining volcanic hills, and Peter cried out: "If it be thou, let me come to thee on the water." What a preposterous "if!" What human foot was ever so constructed as to walk on the water? In what part of the earth did law of gravitation make exception to the rule that a man will sink to the elbows when he touches the waves of river or lake, and will sink still further unless he can swim? But here Peter looks out upon the form in the shape of a man defying the mightiest law of the universe, the law of gravitation and standing erect on the top of the liquid. Yet the incredulous Peter cries out to the Lord, "If it be thou," Alas! for that incredulous "if." It is working as powerfully in the latter part of the nineteenth Christian century as it did in the early part of the first Christian century. Though a small conjunction, it is the biggest block to-day in the way of the gospel chariot. "If!" "If!" We have theological seminaries which spend most of their time and employ their learning and their genius in the manufacturing of "ifs."

With that weaponry is assailed the Pentateuch, and the miracles and the divinity of Jesus Christ. Almost everybody is chewing on an "if." When many a man bows for prayer he puts his knee on an "if." The door through which people pass into infidelity and atheism and all immoralities has two door posts, and the one is made of the letter "I" and the other of the letter "F."

There are only four steps between strong faith and complete unbelief. First, surrender the idea of the verbal inspiration of the scriptures, and adopt the idea that they were all generally supervised by the Lord. Second, surrender the idea that they were all generally supervised by the Lord and adopt the theory that they were not all, but partly, supervised by the Lord. Third, believe that they are the gradual evolution of the ages, and men wrote according to the wisdom of the times in which they lived. Fourth, believe that the Bible is a bad book, and not only unworthy of credence, but pernicious and debasing and cruel. Only four steps from the stout faith in which the martyrs died to the blatant caricatures of Christianity as the greatest sham of the centuries. But the door to all that precipitation and horror is made out of an "if."

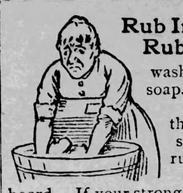
Any religion will do in time of prosperity. Buddhism will do. Confucianism will do. Theosophy will do. But when the world gets after you and defames your best deeds, when bankruptcy takes the place of large dividends, when you fold for the last sleep the still hands over the still heart of your old father who has been planning for your welfare all these years, or you close the eyes of your mother who has lived in your life ever since before you were born, removing her spectacles because she will have clear vision in the home to which she has gone, or you give the last kiss to the child reclining amid the flowers that pile the casket and looking as natural and life like as she ever did reclining in the cradle, then the only religion worth anything is the old-fashioned religion of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. I would give more in such a crisis for one of the promises expressed in half a verse of the old book than for a whole library containing all the productions of all the other religions of all the ages. The other religions are a sort of cocaine to benumb and deaden the soul while bereavement and misfortune do their work, but our religion is inspiration, illumination, emparadisation. It is a mixture of sunlight and hallelujah. Do not adulterate it with one drop of the tincture of incredulity.

There is only one kind of prayer in which you need to put an "if," and that is the prayer for temporal blessings. Pray for riches and they might engulf us, or for fame and it may bewitch us, or for worldly success of any sort and it may destroy us. Better say "if it be best," "if I can make proper use of it," "if thou seest I need it." A wife praying for the recovery of her husband from illness, stamped her foot and said with frightful emphasis, "I will not have him die; God shall not take him." Her prayer was answered, but a few years after, the community was shocked by the fact that he had in a moment of anger slain her. A mother praying for a son's recovery from illness, told the Lord he had no right to take him, and the boy recovered, but plunged into all abominations and died a renegade. Better in all such prayers and all prayers pertaining to our temporal welfare, put in an "if," saying, "Or if it be thy will." But praying for spiritual good and the salvation of our soul we need never insert an "if." Our spiritual welfare is sure to be for the best, and away with the "ifs."

Abraham's prayer for the rescue of Sodom was a grand prayer in some respects, but there were six "ifs" in it, or "peradventures," which mean the same thing. "Peradventure there may be fifty righteous in the city, peradventure forty-five, peradventure forty, peradventure thirty, peradventure, twenty, peradventure ten." Those six peradventures, those six "ifs," killed the prayer, and Sodom went down and went under. Nearly all the prayers that were answered had no "ifs" in them. The prayer of Elijah that changed dry weather to wet weather. The prayer that changed Hezekiah from a sick man to a well man. The prayer that halted sun and moon without shaking the universe to pieces. Oh, rally your soul with a prayer with no "ifs" in it. Say no substance, "Lord, thou hast promised pardon and I take it. Here are my wounds, heal them. Here is my blindness, irradiate it. Here are my chains of bondage, by the gospel hammer strike them off. I am fleeing to the City of Refuge, and I am sure this is the right way. Thanks be to God, I am free."

Ones, by the law my hopes were slain,
But now, in Christ, I live again.

With the Mosaic earnestness of my text, and without its Mosaic "ifs," let us cry out for God. Aye, if words fail us, let us take the suggestion of that printer's dash of the text, and, with a wordless silence, implore pardon and comfort and life and heaven. For this assemblage, all of whom I shall meet in the last judgment, I dare not offer the prayer of my text, and so I change it and say, "Lord God, forgive our sins, and write our names in the book of thy living remembrance, from which they shall never be blotted out."



Rub In Rub Out is the way you wash clothes with soap. First you rub the soap in; that's work in itself. Then you rub it out again over the washboard. If your strong and rub hard enough, you may get the dirt out, too. It's hard work, and women know it. But it isn't the women only that suffer. She's wearing the clothes out, rubbing them to pieces, all the time. It's just as hard for every thing as it is for every body.

Soak In Soak Out is Pearline's way of washing. Put it in the water and it does its own work—yours, too. It brings the dirt out easily and quickly—no hard work, no wearing rub, rub, rub, no washboard. Doesn't that seem better? Saves strength and clothes. And, what some women can't believe, it's just as safe as any good soap. 377 JAMES PYLE, N. Y.

Little Brother's Theory.

Small Brother—I should think sister would a good deal rather have you call to see her than Mr. Gethere.

New Adorer (delighted)—Would you? Why?

Small Brother—'Cause he always musses up her hair so.—Street & Smith's Good News.

Sure to be Seen.

Merchant—I wish this dry goods advertisement put in some part of the paper where the women will be sure to see it.

Editor—Why, great snakes, man! When we want to print anything where the women will be sure to see it, we put it alongside of a dry goods advertisement.—New York Weekly.

Reserve.

Jaspar—A woman, as a rule, rather enjoys seeing a man making a fool of himself.

Jumpuppe—That all depends on whether it is for her or for some other woman he displays his foolishness.—Truth.

Two Negatives.

He—"If I should ask you if you were telling the truth when you said no you could not marry me, what would you say?"

She—"I should still say no."—Vogue.

Quite Obvious.

Whe na man gets so he opens grapes with a nut cracker at the dinner table it is time he changed his tonic.—Hartford Journal.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Is a positive cure for all those painful

Ailments of Women.

It will entirely cure the worst forms of Female Complaints, all Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, of the Womb, and consequent Spinal Weakness, and is peculiarly adapted to the *Change of Life*. Every time it will cure

Backache.

It has cured more cases of Leucorrhœa than any remedy the world has ever known. It is almost infallible in such cases. It dissolves and expels Tumors from the Uterus in an early stage of development, and checks any tendency to cancerous humors. That

Bearing-down Feeling

causing pain, weight, and backache, is instantly relieved and permanently cured by its use. Under all circumstances it acts in harmony with the laws that govern the female system, and is as harmless as water. It removes

Irregularity,

Suppressed or Painful Menstruations, Weakness of the Stomach, Indigestion, Bloating, Flooding, Nervous Prostration, Headache, General Debility. Also

Dizziness, Faintness,

Extreme Lassitude, "don't care" and "want to be left alone" feeling, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, flatulency, melancholy, or the "blues," and backache. These are sure indications of Female Weakness, some derangement of the Uterus, or

Womb Troubles.

The whole story, however, is told in an illustrated book entitled "Guide to Health," by Mrs. Pinkham. It contains over 90 pages of most important information, which every woman, married or single, should know about herself. Send 2 two-cent stamps for it. For

Kidney Complaints

and Backache of *either sex* the Vegetable Compound is unequaled.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills, 25c., cure Biliousness, Constipation, and Torpid Liver. By mail, or of druggists. All druggists sell the Vegetable Compound, or sent by mail, in form of Pills or Lozenges, on receipt of $1.00. *Correspondence freely answered.* You can address in strictest confidence, LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., Lynn, Mass.

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1—Real name and address must be written with every question. 2.—Only one question at a time. 3.—Don't ask for addresses of persons, or of firms, nor where to buy or sell anything, for such answers are free advertising. 4.—Don't ask about the reliability of any person or firm. 5.—We reserve the right to reject any question whose answer would not be of general interest; and will answer no mathematical problems, questions of law, etc. 6.—No answers by mail.

Washington and Lee.

H. S., Grove Lake, Minn., sends the following answer to the query of B. F. G., Hindman, Ky., who asked for the words used between Lee and Washington at the battle of Monmouth:

When Washington heard that Lee was retreating, he, meeting Lee, said: "In the name of God, what is the cause of this cowardly retreat?" Lee in reply said, "I know of no man better able to answer that question than yourself, sir! Permit me to say to you, B. C. he should remember that all history would be a lie before a court of justice. Note—When Lafayette returned to this country in 1825, many asked him the same question. In substance his reply was: "It was not the exact language used that stung Lee, but the tone of voice in which it was uttered." As Lafayette was present, his version of it has been considered satisfactory up to date.

Another correspondent, J. H., Swanton, O., sends the following, which he says appeared in a school history printed 60 years ago:

As the commander in chief met Lee, he asked this question: "To what circumstance among you, Lee, do I owe this timely prudence?" "I think your excellency can boast of as much of that virtue as any other soldier with us," was the answer of Lee.

An old soldier, a neighbor, who was present at the battle of Monmouth, gave my father a further continuation of the dialogue. Gen. Lee continued: "The soldiers were not in a condition to stand a charge." "You did not give them a chance," said Washington. Lee answered: "Men under my command are willing to fight, but I will never see them murdered." Washington retorted: "The men were under your command, but now you are under arrest." Lee then tried to kill Washington, but was restrained by his intimate friends. While weeping, he offered his assistance in rallying the retreating army, which he did; and but for his letter to Washington next day he would have remained in the army.

The Sugar Bounty.

W. M. C., Prairie Depot, O., asks the amount of sugar bounty, total and by state. The report of the commissioner of Internal Revenue for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1893, gives these figures:

Cane Sugar:—	
Louisiana	$8,584,865 54
Texas	174,943 90
Florida	3,960 45
Mississippi	69 86
Total, cane sugar	$8,763,839 75
Beet Sugar:—	
California	$425,723 81
Nebraska	76,170 00
Utah	29,470 00
Total, beet sugar	$531,363 81
Sorghum Sugar:—	
Kansas	$19,798 00
Minnesota	19 00
Total, sorghum sugar	$19,817 00
Maple Sugar:—	
Maine	$ 51 42
New Hampshire	1,127 36
Vermont	36,225 23
New York	11,700 50
Pennsylvania	4,234 57
Maryland	2,131 28
West Virginia	153 48
Ohio	3,501 63
Michigan	908 95
Minnesota	63 95
Iowa	11 51
Total, maple sugar	$60,119 32
Total bounty paid, 1893	$9,375,130 88
Bounty paid, 1892	7,342,077 79
Sugar Producers:—	
Of cane sugar	635
Of beet sugar	6
Of sorghum sugar	3
Of maple sugar	2,817
Total	3,461

The Washington Family.

W. L. S., Wells Spring, Tenn., writes: "I notice in the picture of the Washington family, a boy and a girl. Were they son and daughter of Gen. Washington? If so, what were their names, what did they become, and did they accomplish anything noteworthy during their day?"

George Washington never had any children. He married Mrs. Martha Custis, daughter of John Dandridge, and widow of John Parke Custis. She was the mother of four children, two of whom died in infancy. A son and a daughter were living when she married Washington. The daughter, Martha Parke Custis, died in her 17th year. The son, John Parke Custis, grew to manhood, married, and died in 1781, leaving four children. The two younger—Elean or Parke Custis and George Washington Parke Custis—were at once adopted by Gen. Washington, and it is they who appear in the picture you mention. The girl, whom Washington always called "Nelly," married Major Lawrence Lewis, and died in 1852. Her brother married Mary Lee Fitzhugh, and built Arlington on his estate opposite the city of Washington, and died there in 1857. He left a daughter, who married Robert E. Lee, the Confederate general. The Arlington estate was confiscated during the rebellion, and is now a national cemetery. Mr. Custis was, in his early days, an eloquent speaker. He wrote orations and plays, and executed a number of large paintings of Revolutionary battles.

The Republican "Coon."

J. H. K., Sycamore Valley, O., asks: "What does the picture of the raccoon signify? I have seen it in several Republican papers since the election."

The raccoon as a Republican symbol was inherited from the old Whig party. It is probably not used as such outside of Ohio, to any extent. In 1840, Gen. William Henry Harrison was the Whig candidate for the Presidency. He was an Ohio citizen, and his nomination was hailed as a recognition of the growing West—of the hardy pioneers who were building up new commonwealths. Harrison was one of them, so the raccoon became the emblem of Harrison's campaign, and it was always represented with a barrel of "hard cider" at the door, and a raccoon skin nailed up to dry on the outside wall. So live raccoons were carried in processions, as the Democrats carry roosters; a popular Whig song was entitled, "That Same Old Coon." When Harrison was elected, the papers printed cuts of the raccoon sitting on top of a rail fence by moonlight, wriggling his right fore-paw at the defeated Democracy. This sort of campaign fun was most indulged in in Ohio, Harrison's own state. After that time the Whig papers used the 'coon in announcing their victories, and the practice descended to the Republican papers. It is dying out, as it should, and the use of the eagle as the distinctive Republican symbol is becoming universal.

World's Fairs.

J. B. D., Pilot Grove, Mo., asks: "When and where have the different World's Fairs been held?"

Here is the list, with the total attendance (paid and unpaid):

Where.	Year.	Total att.
London	1851	6,039,195
Dublin	1853	1,150,000
New York	1853	1,250,000
Paris	1855	5,162,330
London	1862	6,211,103
Paris	1867	10,200,000
Vienna	1873	7,254,687
Philadelphia	1876	9,910,966
Paris	1878	16,032,725
Sydney	1879	1,117,536
Melbourne	1880	1,330,279
Paris	1889	28,149,383
Chicago	1893	27,539,521

Tanning Skins.

A. J. H., Day, Kan., asks for a different recipe for tanning skins with the fur or hair on. Here is one, for which we thank M. H., Richfield, O.:

"Dike a quarter of a pound of oxalic acid (which is in crystals) to each gallon of soft water. Soak the skin in it for several days, frequently working it. Then work the skin until it is dry."

Be careful in using this, as it is very poisonous.

The Salary Grab.

W. H. L., Eagle Harbor, Mich.: On March 3, 1873, the 42d Congress passed an act increasing the salary of the President of the United States from $25,000 to $50,000 per year; those of the Supreme court judges, the Vice-President, Cabinet officers, and members of the Senate and House. The salaries of Congressmen were raised from $5,000 to $7,500 a year, and this provision was made to cover the term of that Congress, which was just expiring. It was this provision that gave the law the name of the "salary grab." Most of the members turned the increase of salary back into the Treasury. The law was not a party measure. The next Congress repealed the law except to the salaries of the President and Supreme court.

The Websters.

J. D. F. N., Beech Spring, Va.: Noah Webster, the dictionary man, was no relation to Daniel Webster, the statesman. The name Webster is one of those derived from occupations, like Cutler, Smith, Baker, Weaver, and so on. "Webster" means a weaver—one who makes a web of cloth. Hence there are very many Websters, and descended from entirely different ancestors.

Postage to China.

Rustic, Union Grove, Mo., asks: "Please tell me the postage, per ounce, on picture cards and garden seeds to China."

If the package goes to China by an United States mail vessel from San Francisco, the rate on "merchandise" is 1 cent for each 2 ounces; if by British mail, 4 cents for 2 ounces; if via France, 1 cent for 2 ounces; if via Hong Kong, the same.

Short Ones.

B.: No. Send your name and address always.

M., Tobasco, O.: The Indians in Oklahoma are all in reservations.

L. C., North Lewisburg, O.: Mr. Depew's full name is Chauncey Mitchell Depew.

E. M. D., Frankfort Springs, Pa.: There is no premium on the half-dollar of 1837.

R. S., West Plains, Mo.: The Mediterranean Sea is in too warm a climate to ever freeze.

E. D. C., York, Pa.: The only place to learn wood-turning and scroll-sawing is in a wood-working shop.

R. S., Coventryville, N. Y.: Read any school history of the United States. It will tell you the causes of the Revolution.

W. H. H., Waterbury, Conn.: There would be a very great variety of opinions as to the five best American novels. We must decline to express any.

F. B., Reynolds, Idaho: In the name of the great vein returning blood to the heart, the "vena cava," the three a's have the sound of a in father, and the e is long.

A. B. S., Columbus, O.: The McKinley bill covers four pages the size of a Bible page. Send 4 cents in stamps to "The Blade," Toledo, Ohio," and we will mail you a copy of it.

A. F. B., Dana, N. C.: We don't know whether Representative Crawford made a speech on silver or not in August. Why not write to him and ask him to send a copy of that speech? If he didn't make it, he will tell you so.

E. D. H., Laurel, Miss.: No one knows who Cain's wife was. There is no knowledge on the subject available except the account of Genesis. Everything else is mere guesswork. Read the Rules above. One question at a time only.

J. W., Oak Hill, Ill.: It never required an act of Congress to pay our bonds in gold. Gold has always been one of our monetary standards, and no country could repudiate its bonds outside its own boundaries where they were payable in gold.

N. G. B., Fremont, Ind.: The French phrase, "fin de siecle," means "end of the century." Hence, extremely modern; the very latest fad, etc. Its origin of course is in the fact that it is only seven years from December 31 of this year until the end of the nineteenth century.

M. S. V., Lincoln, Mich.: A deed is legal if made out to "J. W. Smith" instead of giving his full name, "John Wilson Smith;" but Smith would be a very foolish man not to have his full name given, as it might lead to a flaw in the title two or three generations hence to have it "J. W. Smith."

G. W. W., Bible Grove, Ill.: The Second Continental Congress, in July, 1775, sent a petition to the King of Great Britain, enumerating the acts of injustice to which the colonies were subjected, and asking for their redress. It also sent a conciliatory address to the people of Great Britain.

J. O., Voyage, Mo.: The capital stock of a national bank is the money the stockholders pay for their shares. If a bank has $100,000 capital stock, the stockholders who organized it pay in $100,000, for which each receives a certificate showing the number of the stock he owns. This stock is taxable, and is taxed, of course, by the state.

Hood's and only Hood's.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is carefully prepared from Sarsaparilla, Dandelion, Mandrake, Dock, Pipsissewa, Juniper berries and other well-known remedies, by a peculiar combination, proportion, and process, giving to Hood's Sarsaparilla curative powers not possessed by other medicines. It effects remarkable cures when other preparations fail.

Hood's Pills cure biliousness.

ARE YOU IMPECUNIOUS?

Then Here is the Evening Gown Just Suited to Your Needs.

Here is a gown that has much to recommend it. It is so simple that the home dressmaker may hope to make it herself, so cheap in its materials that a fortune will not be required to purchase them, and so pret-

A FIFTY-CENT SILK.

ty that it will please the most fastidious taste. The stuff is one of those thin silks, with blossoms brocaded on the surface, which will never last more than a season, and are therefore dear to the girl who would rather have fresh gowns than bequeath heirlooms in the line of frocks. They sell for about 50 cents a yard, and come in very pretty, delicate shades. The skirt is plain and full. The bodice is slightly gathered in to the belt, and shoulder-puffs form the sleeves, and a bertha of pretty lace falls from the round-cut neck to the waist line.

VALUABLE WASTE.

How the Clippings of Sensitized Photograph Paper Are Utilized.

"Refiners of nitrate of silver for the use of photographers," said one of this profession, "have agents traveling constantly about the country collecting the waste clippings of sensitized paperthat accumulate in every photograph gallery. They buy all they can find, and pay for it in new nitrate, allowing the photographer a good round price for his waste. The waste is shipped to the refiners, where the nitrate in the paper is separated from it by chemical processes, and prepared for market again. Nitrate of silver is as good as it was originally, and is sold for just as much. The refiners, of course, make a big profit out of the waste, and the photographer is able to get a good supply of material for the scraps that would otherwise be of no use to him.

"When one thinks of the great number of photograph galleries and studios in the country, and the fact that the waste paper of them all is closely gathered by the refiners at a price that will average a dollar a pound, he may get some idea of the proportions of a business that is utterly unknown outside of the persons directly interested. Not only the scraps of silver sensitized paper, but those of the paper treated with solutions of gold, are carefully saved by the refiners, and the photographer is always very glad to exchange his accumulation of, to him, worthless scraps for a neat stock of valuable nitrate."—New York Sun.

Stands to Reason.

Mrs. Hayseed (noticing the fire escapes at a city hotel)—I wonder what them stairs are for?

Mr. Hayseed—Use yer brains, Miranda, if you've got any. This is a hotel, ain't it?

"Of course."

"Well, a hotel has all sorts of people in it, and 'tain't likely they all git up at the same time, is it?"

"I s'pose not."

"Course not. Some goes to work earlier than others, and some has to catch trains. I s'pose them outside stairs is so the early risers can git down to the pump without makin' any noise."—New York Weekly.

A False Alarm.

The Old Man (to daughter's lover)—Young man, do you smoke cigarettes?

The Lover (apologetically)—Yes, sir; but——

The Old Man—Well, give me one.

Valued Indorsement

of Scott's Emulsion is contained in letters from the medical profession speaking of its gratifying results in their practice.

Scott's Emulsion

of cod-liver oil with Hypophosphites can be administered when plain oil is out of the question. It is almost as palatable as milk—easier to digest than milk.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

The Camp Fire.

The Fowl Was Caught.

Editor Camp Fire:—Not knowing what kind of fuel you want will try Beaufort, South Carolina, on or about December 9, 1861. Early on this Sabbath morning my brigade, 50th Pa., 8th Mich., 79th (Highlanders) N. Y., and 100th Pa., or Round Heads, landed at Beaufort after one month at Hilton Head about eighteen miles below on the coast. Of all the inhabitants not one solitary white remained. There were contrabands by the pair, dozen, score and away up in the hundreds. The masters had taught those contrabands to believe the Yankees were formed after the image of the devil with head, tail and horns. The contraband at same time believing that Uncle Sam was an individual the same as Massa Capers or Massa Rhett or dozens of others that fled from the folds of Old Glory.

The exclamations of the contraband was, "Where is your horns and tail, you uns all Uncle Sam's boys. He owns you all. Lor' a mighty he powerful rich. He owns you all, evry last one of you." On the following morning after landing we marched out to Port Royal Ferry ten miles from Beaufort. At opposite side of Coosaw river the rebels were busy throwing up works. Stacked arms at right of shell road near a large plantation residence and slave quarters, it was not long until all sweet potatoes, yams and chickens (with one exception) were in the safe keeping of the Yanks. There was one diminutive chicken of the male species that defied the boys. At last the fowl sought shelter under the floor of an outbuilding. Some of the boys started a Picaninny under the floor after the fowl. Out came a wench with the typical bandana around her head; throwing up both hands she exclaimed: "Boys, don't kill hat dar fowl, dat am de only breeder we has on dis yere plantation."

That fowl died. Will give you an extra ear of corn the next time.—Wm. H. Huffman, formerly sergeant Co. D, 100th, or Round Head, Pa. V. V.

Landed in the Barrel.

Editor Camp Fire:—In response to your request in The Blade of November 9, 1893, I will now come to the front with what I consider to be a ludicrous incident in camp life. It was in the month of November, 1863, while our regiment were en route to reinforce Burnside at Knoxville as we were marching through Kentucky. We went into camp one night. After downing our hard tack and sow belly the boys of our company concluded to have a little recreation, and after supper they gathered up all the meat barrels and started a fire and set one on top of another and the flames ran high in the air, but finally they set one on the fire and when the blaze extended the highest they would exercise themselves by getting back and run and jump through the blaze. They would all start, one after the other, and jump through, but by some means Comrade Tom Yeager, after he had followed suit a time or two he failed to come around to the point of startling, but he concluded he would jump back to the opposite to what was the custom and about the time he started to run and jump Comrade Rice Gruell started from the regular starting point, and it so happened that they met about three feet above the barrel and both went chuck into the barrel, but it so happened that the barrel was about burnt down. They easily extricated themselves, none the worse off, except Comrade Yeager wore a black eye, having come in contact with Comrade Gruell's elbow. —G. A. S., Co. I, 16th Ill.

It Surprised the Boys.

Editor Camp Fire:—Hurrah for the Camp Fire. I will try and add a pine knot to the blaze to keep the hearts of the old soldiers warm during the long winter evenings that are coming.

You say you want something funny. I will tell you a little incident that happened at Fort Donaldson in February, 1862.

My regiment had been tramping after Price in Missouri during the summer of 1861, and we never got sight of him or his men until in December, when we gobbled up about 1,500 recruits, and soon after we were ordered to St. Louis, and thence to Fort Donaldson, arriving there the morning of the surrender. We went into camp, but you can imagine that sticks or stones were very scarce to fix up or build a camp fire to boil our coffee.

In looking around, the boys of Company K found some cannon balls, and they thought they had struck ile, and they soon had a fire, and their coffee was just about done; the boys were standing around with cups in hand, ready to pitch in, when all of a sudden the coffee kettles started toward heaven like Elijah of old in a chariot of fire. A shell had bursted, and Company K was short in their coffee, but they had got a lot of experience which I do not think they have forgotten to this day. At least I never knew them to put any more twelve-pound shell under their camp kettles.

I served something over four years during the war; we had some hard times and some good times, but I got as much fun as was possible out of the service, and took the bad with the good and made the best of it.

H. H. BOWKER.
Late of Co G, 15th Ill: Vol Infantry.

A True Prediction.

Editor Camp Fire:—Permit me to give to the Camp Fire a prediction made how the war would close and where the last battles would be fought.

It was in November, 1862, a few days after the defeat of the Union army under Gen. Burnside at Fredricksburg, Va., Jacob Hakeos, a sergeant in Company I, Sixty-seventh regiment, Ohio Infantry volunteers, came into my quarters for a chat. We discussed the terrible sacrifice of our men in the attempt to carry the heights of Fredricksburg. We were studying the map of Virginia, and making comments upon the campaign of the season.

At the bugle sound tatoo, Sergeant Hackeos arose to retire to his own quarters, making the following closing remarks: "This war will not close until our army in the west will whip the rebels and drive them this way; by that time Lee will be forced out of Richmond, and the last battles will be fought west of where we are now, probably within sixty miles."

Readers of this article, take the map of Virginia, strike a line westward from Suffolk, Va., and figure out for yourself, and see how much Sergeant Hackeos was out of the way where Lee surrendered to Grant.

CHAS. P. SCHAEFER.
Late Capt. Co. I, 67 Reg., O. V. I.

Incidents of Petersburg.

Editor Camp Fire:—I bring a piece of anthracite coal to add to the camp fire. I will relate a little incident which happened in front of Petersburg near Fort Denshane. I was acting as lieutenant, and new recruits were coming in and filling up the old regiments. We had some raw from Germany, and among others we had one by the name of Coony from the regular army, who stood next on post to a new recruit.

All knew the orders were to call "Halt" three times and fall on the reserves. I was with the boys and we heard "Ault! Ault! Ault!" then bang went the guns and the raw one from the foreign country came leaping to the rear with a wild eye and said the whole rebel camp was coming. I called out my reserves from three posts and listened, and soon we heard a laugh. I said, "Coony, what is it?" "Oh," said Coony, "I was just breaking the balls off my cartridges and throwing them over at that Dutchman."

I was with the Army of the Potomac from '61 to '65, and whether it was right, left or oblique, I always did my shooting at the rebel flag.

W. D. Eldred,
Co. B, 11th Pa. Vol.

The Oldest Yet.

Editor Camp Fire:—I am an old soldier and subscriber to your paper. I always read the Camp Fire column with pleasure. I see a comrade who served in the Fifty-second Illinois infantry is now in his ninetieth year. Abraham Ireland enlisted in '61, then 65 years of age, is still living at the advanced age of 97. His address is Cana, Montgomery county, Ks. He was private in Company D, Fifth Kansas cavalry. Early in 1861 he had three sons killed by bushwhackers.

W. C. YOUNG.
Co. D., 5th Ks. Cav.

Throat Diseases commence with a Cough, Cold or Sore Throat. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" give immediate relief. Sold only in boxes. Price 25 cts.

BY THE QUART OR YARD.

The Problem Was Too Much for the Black-Eyed Woman.

A tall woman with lustrous black eyes and a beautiful complexion, wearing a sealskin cape and some expensive jewelry, walked nervously back and forth in front of a main street cigar store shortly after 6 o'clock last evening. She clasped and unclasped her hands nervously, and was evidently very much worried about something or other.

Men who passed along looked curiously at her, but no one ventured to speak. Finally a benevolent-looking man with close-cropped gray whiskers came along. He looked at the woman and passed on. Before he had gone half a block he almost stopped walking. Then he did stop, and then he turned and came back to the woman.

"Madam," he said politely, "you seem to be distressed."

She blushed scarlet in the glare of the electric light, stammered and then said: "Oh, sir——"

"There, there, madam," said the benevolent-looking man, soothingly, "calm yourself. Do not be distressed. Tell me what is troubling you, and I will use my every endeavor to aid you. Tell me, madam, what it is that is one your mind?"

The tall woman blushed again. She raised her downcast eyes, stammered again and said: "Oh, sir, you are very kind, but—"

"There, there, madam," and the benevolent-looking man's smile was seraphic, "no buts. Tell me what is preying on your mind. Confide in me, and I will cheerfully put myself at your entire disposal, and undertake whatever you may desire. What is it that has so deeply agitated you?"

The tall woman seemed to gain control of herself. She glanced searchingly at the benevolent-looking man and then said: I am ashamed to confess to you, sir, a perfect stranger, yet I must find a way out of my quandary.

The benevolent-looking man's smile expanded. "Tell me!" he insisted.

The tall woman blushed again. She hesitated in the prettiest manner imaginable, and said, confusedly: "I know I am awfully ignorant, but my husband told me to buy him some fine-cut chewing tobacco, and I don't know whether they sell it by the quart or by the yard."

And strange to say, the benevolent-looking man didn't stop to inform her.—Buffalo Express.

Every Man Should Read This.

If any young, old, or middle-aged man suffering from nervous debility, weakness, lack of vigor from errors or excesses will encose stamp to me I will send him the prescription of a genuine certain cure free of cost. No Humbug, no deception. Address Thomas Barnes, Marshall, Mich.

CLOSER THAN A BROTHER.

Alexander Nebuchadnezzar Thompson's Watchful Spouse.

The cable car was going at full speed, says the Washington Evening Star. It is the manner of this sort of vehicle that it does not gain acceleration gradually after starting, but goes on the jump at the end of the first dozen feet.

At this critical moment a young colored man dashed across the street and swung himself on the grip car. Just at the same instant a shriek was heard, and a comely woman of African descent and robust physique made a spring after the rapidly retreating train. Though the latter was by this time going about twenty miles an hour, she made a grab at the rail on the last platform, and became a passenger by sheer force of muscle and athletic dexterity.

It did not take her half a minute to make her way forward to the grip car and take the seat beside the young colored man, who was much astonished to see her. Said he:

"What you gwine?"

"Gwine whar you gwine," she replied lofty and with an air of assumed indifference.

"Whar's dat?"

"Wid you."

"Whuffo?"

"Just 'cause."

"'Cause why?"

"'Cause I feel like it."

"Well, I don't want you followin' me."

"Alexander Nebuchadnezzar Thompson, I'm gwine to keep my eye on you."

"I ain't gwine to have it," he protested. "You git right offen dis car, now I tell you."

"Pooh!" responded the young woman contemptuously.

"You hear what I say?"

"Yoppy."

"Ain't you gwine to mind?"

"Not if dis lady knows herself."

"You gotter."

"I won't."

The young man looked disgusted. After spending a minute or two in reflection an idea struck him, and he said triumphantly:

"You can't ride, 'cause you ain't got no money."

"You kin pay my fare."

"I won't do it."

"Alexander Nebuchadnezzar, you'se a low-down man. If I'd knowed you 'fore I married you as I do now, you'd have had ter git some other lady fer a wife."

"Stop yer foolishness and git off de car," he replied sullenly.

"I ain't agwine to."

"Then you'll git put off."

Just then the conductor came forward to take up the fares in the grip car. The young man refused to pay for the woman, who addressed an eloquent appeal to the knight of the bell punch.

"This yere is my husband," she said. "I'se got a fricken dat he's got a meetin' on hand wif anudder woman. He got on de car to git rid of me, and I follered to keep an eye on him. I'spose you're a gemman, and you wouldn't chuck a lady off."

The conductor had a heart, as was evident when he replied:

"Stay on. I'll pay your fare myself."

This happy turn of events caused the young woman to giggle consumedly. The man, on the other hand, expressed his disgust with vague and semi-articulate murmurings. This had happened while the car was going three blocks.

Just as the cable train was traveling at its most rapid gait between two corners the recalcitrant husband jumped to his feet without warning and leaped off the car. Evidently he supposed that his wife would not dare to imitate his mad exploit, but he reckoned without his host. With a flying bound she sprang off and after him. In twenty seconds she had caught him and grabbed him by the arm.

"Now, you fool nigger!" she exclaimed, "just come straight home wid me."

"I'm a'comin'," rejoined the man sulkily, evidently recognizing the situation as hopeless from his point of view, and the two walked away arm in arm.

Telephones in Sweden.

In no other country of the world is the telephone in so general use as in Sweden, and in no other is the service so cheap and at the same time so perfect. It is under government control, and the rates are fixed by the government. A few weeks ago a new line was opened between Stockholm and Christiania by King Oscar, who took occasion to express the hope in his first message to the

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1893.

Largest and Best Weekly Published, and Largest Circulation!

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor.

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is the strongest and most thoughtful of any in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 140,000

DON'T MIX THEM UP!

We again find it necessary to remind readers that they must not confuse our new book, the "Nasby Letters," with the old premium book, "Nasby in Exile," which was offered previously. They are NOT the same. The "Nasby Letters" is a new book, first printed this fall, which we have prepared at great expense, to use it exclusively as a premium for yearly subscribers to the Weekly Blade.

Most persons have very little idea what it costs to prepare such a book, and then to print, bind and mail it by tens of thousands. The outlook now is that before we get through with sending out the "Nasby Letters," we will have expended in cash somewhere between $50,000 and $100,000. This certainly shows great liberality on the part of the publishers of The Blade, and was probably never paralleled by any other newspaper in the way of a free premium to subscribers.

NICKEL SILVER TABLE KNIVES.

Ever since we offered nickel silver spoons and forks to our subscribers, we have had a steady stream of requests for table knives to match. These we could not furnish, as the manufacturer did not make them. He has now arranged to do so, however, and we can supply knives to match the forks. See offer in Publishers' Column, fifth page of this paper. We will send one-half dozen table knives by mail for $2.25, or one dozen for $3.25.

THE DODGING PARTY.

Students of American politics often wonder at the tenacity with which the Democratic party holds on to existence. Half a dozen times in its history it has been worthy of extinction as a nuisance. But it rises again, by accretions of voters who ought to know better, but who apparently don't. Why is this? What class of people affiliate with it, and why? What is the attraction that draws voters to it?

It is because it is a party of dodgers. It makes high-sounding claims in its platforms, but it never fulfills them in any proper sense. It dodges every issue. Its voting strength is made up of dodgers. It has an attraction for those weak invertebrates who are constitutionally afraid to take a decided stand on anything. Like seeks like, and the dodgers go to the Democratic party.

There is only one condition of affairs wherein the Democracy takes a decided stand, and that is when it is out of power. Then it assumes the easy role of destructive. It opposes every bit of constructive legislation, every new policy, every advance step. Anybody can find fault. Many people can do nothing else so well. But this is only another manifestation of the dodging instinct. When a new policy is formulated, the instinct of the dodger is to dodge it. And to find fault with or protest against the proposed step is the only way to dodge it.

The Democratic party has a hard time dodging just now. It tried to dodge the repeal bill by getting up a compromise, but failed. It is trying to dodge the tariff issue. It will try to dodge the financial question later; and very soon indeed we shall see an attempt to dodge the Hawaiian matter. If there were no dodgers there could be no Democratic party.

THE POPULIST PARTY.

Our Washington dispatches to-day indicate that the Populists propose reorganizing under a new name after the Congressional elections of next fall. The plan favored is to drop the three great fads of that party—the government ownership of railroads and telegraphs, the sub-treasury scheme, and the issue of unlimited greenbacks, at least for the time being, and try to organize a new party on the one issue of the free coinage of silver at the old ratio of 16 to 1.

They thus hope to unite with them a number of elements which do not indorse their full programme, and fight the Presidential and Congressional campaign of 1896 on this main issue. Then, if they are reasonably successful in electing Congressmen, they will endeavor to "sweep the country" in 1900 on their old tenets. The programme sounds well, but it is based on the theory that the masses of the American people are incapable of education on financial and economic topics. So far as we are concerned, we shall welcome the Populists to combat on these heresies. We believe in the strong common sense of the masses of our voting population, and have not a shadow of doubt as to the outcome.

What is a Democratic principle, anyhow? In 1864, the national Democratic platform denounced the "crushing war taxes," and declared that "the system of direct taxation known as the 'internal revenue' is a war tax," to be tolerated "only in case of dire necessity, or war." The internal revenue taxes then included those on tobacco, spirituous and malt liquors, and on incomes. Now the Democratic majority of the ways and means committee is preparing a bill which will increase the internal revenue tax on liquors, and reinforce income taxation, long ago repealed. The slogan next year will have to be, "Repeal the Democratic war taxes!"

After Blaine, Gresham! "O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!"

Mello should get "Paramount" Blount to visit Rio bay at once.

The trolley has now emancipated the canal-boat mule.

Well, $0,995 is enough, anyway.

A BISHOP'S VIEW OF THE LIQUOR QUESTION.

The Bishop of Chester, England, discusses the question, "In what way or ways can legislation promote temperance or discourage intemperance?" in an article in the November number of the London Humanitarian. It will no doubt be interesting to the readers of The Blade to obtain a summary of the views of a high dignitary of the Church of England upon this vexed question. His view is that temperance legislation can not do all nor anything like it, yet it can do "a solid and indispensable something." The first thing, in the Bishop's view, which legislation can do is to minimize temptation. Opportunity makes thieves, and "the glaring, seductive, ubiquitous opportunities of our intolerably superabundant public houses, tippling shops and gin palaces make drunkards." The number of these should be reduced to a minimum by law, that temptation may be correspondingly reduced.

Second, the Bishop thinks the law should change the character of the places where intoxicants are sold. In this connection, he quotes from an utterance of Mr. Gladstone in May, 1890:

> At the present, as I understand it, the case of the government is that the number of public houses is enormous. Yes, but something else ought to be taken into consideration. Why is it that the position of the public houses in this country of ours is lower than it is in any country in Europe? That is the result of the management we have followed, and the number does not in the slightest degree tend to mitigate that statement.
>
> I am one of those who see the utmost, incurable, radical and profound mischief from what is called the publican's monopoly, and not through any fault of the publican, or, indeed, of any one. My firm belief is that as long as the monopoly connected with private interests belongs to the trade, we shall never have true and efficient police supervision exercised over the public houses, and without that they must continue to hold the disparaged and unsatisfactory position which they do hold now and have held for many generations.

The Bishop says that legislation "can make room for new and more wholesome influences and agencies; it can let new blood into our licensing system." From this we infer that he would pay particular attention to the character of the men asking license, and refuse them to all but men whose good standing is perfectly well known, and their characters above reproach. He thinks one of the greatest obstacles to proper legislation is "the entanglement of the temperance question with party politics." Hence he leans favorably towards the Gothenburg system, because it emancipates the question from party connections, and eliminates the selfish and very powerful motive of personal profit from the traffic.

Perhaps the very best argument the Bishop advances is that in favor of honest and fearless legislation on this whole subject, irrespective of the selfish claims and bitter opposition of the liquor men themselves, and the narrow views of enthusiasts and theorists, who fail to grasp the whole problem in their devotion to one theoretical solution. We should pay no attention to the cant which raises an outcry that "personal liberty" is in danger. 'It is not liberty," he declares, "but license, the caricature of liberty, which has reason to fear." True freedom, either for the individual man or for the community, means the power of being one's best self. But, for such freedom, discipline is indispensable. In the case of the community, self-discipline must sometimes—and perhaps almost always—take the form of law. To evade this self-discipline is to open the door to unbridled license and all the evils which follow the selfish gratification of human passions and appetites.

The learned Bishop reasons well, and his logic is quite as applicable to the state of affairs on this side of the Atlantic as on the other. Self-discipline, as applied to the individual, must be largely his own work; but the school, the pulpit, and all moral and progressive agencies, can do a great deal in aiding and strengthening him in his efforts to rise to a higher and purer plane of existence. But in the case of the community considered as a whole, the case is different. Self-discipline can only be enforced through law; and the will of the majority must rule in this, as it does in all other cases. Unmindful of the specious cry of "personal liberty," the intelligent and enlightened majority should legislate for the benefit of the people as a whole, and

Pulverize the Rum Power.

The coal famine in England will soon be at an end. On Monday the miners all went to work, under the arrangement made by the conference between them and the mine-owners, and presided over by Lord Rosebery. Last week coal reached the highest price ever known in England—about $16 per ton to the consumer. The nation has lost fully $150,000,000 by this industrial conflict, the worst and the costliest ever known.

In New York state, Meyer, the Democratic candidate for Secretary of State, was beaten by nearly 25,000 votes; Judge Maynard, the thief of election returns, was beaten by over 100,000. There are at least 75,000 good Democrats in the Empire State who thus showed their aversion to unclean political methods, even though their own party received the usufruct.

Ex-President Harrison has a brother, J. Scott Harrison, who is a Democrat. He has just been appointed surveyor of customs at Kansas City. It would be interesting to know exactly the motives of Cleveland in making this appointment.

The Bank of England is all right, but its directors are unwise in not making public a statement of the character and extent of the wrongdoing of its late cashier, if any exists.

The dynamite outrage at Marseilles will doubtless spur the French government to join with that of Spain to crush the "reds" by force.

Prof. Hamerick has discovered that hens can talk. This down-East professor evidently was never a visitor at a sewing circle.

If Queen Lil is put back, the Minneapolis Tribune suggests that the name of Honolulu be changed to "Greshamville." Why not call it "Cleveland?"

A big solar disturbance hove into view on the sun's eastern limb on Friday, and the great storm in the English channel followed promptly.

The turning down of Gresham by past Republican national conventions is now justified in the eyes of the nation.

All quiet at Honolulu. But it won't be quiet long if jingo Gresham has his pig-headed way.

The tariff bill is practically completed, and the country awaits its publication with interest.

A DIPLOMATIC MYSTERY.

The news brought by the Hawaiian steamer which reached San Francisco Saturday was gratifyingly peaceful and astonishingly mysterious. Gresham, adopting Blount's statements, declared that the revolution could not have been accomplished without the encouragement given by Minister Stevens and the aid rendered by the marines landed from an United States vessel, and hints that it was the result of a conspiracy, hatched in the United States—implying even that the Harrison administration was cognizant of it. As every one knows, these statements are contradicted by the testimony of men who were present in Honolulu at the time; but the plain intimation has been that the administration would act on the theory of the truth of Blount's version, and carry out the recommendation of Gresham that the old government of Hawaii be restored.

Everybody expected that Minister Willis was vested with authority to carry out this programme. Up to the 11th, however—the day the steamer left Honolulu—he had done nothing, except to present his credentials to President Dole, that occasion being one of an exchange of diplomatic courtesies, in the course of which Willis assured the provisional President of "the friendship, interest, and hearty good will" entertained for his government by the Washington administration. This news, or lack of news, was received with astonishment and chagrin by Secretary of State Gresham. He evidently expected news of a far different tenor.

Behind this lurks a diplomatic mystery. What caused the change in the programme? There is but one plausible explanation—that Minister Willis found the provisional government prepared to maintain its authority by force of arms; and, seeing that bloodshed would follow any attempt to reinstate Lilluokalani, he awaits further instructions from Washington. The next steamer from the islands will arrive on the 23d, and the news she brings will be awaited with the greatest interest.

"PARAMOUNT" BLOUNT'S REPORT

The New York Herald of Monday printed the main portion of what is alleged to be "Paramount" Commissioner Blount's report. It is probably correct in the main. It declares that Minister Stevens landed the troops from the Boston long before there was any valid excuse for their presence on Hawaiian soil; that he declined to remove them when requested to do so by the government, and informed them that the authorities were willing and fully able to preserve order and to protect American interest; that these troops were stationed across the street from the government building, in which Minister Stevens knew the revolutionists were about to read their proclamation, and that this revolutionist committee relied upon the American troops to protect them in this act of rebellion; that Mr. Stevens recognized the provisional government according to a preconceived programme before that government had obtained possession of the departments and military power at Honolulu, and that the military power was surrendered, as the queen surrendered, only through awe of the superior force of the United States.

This does not agree in any particular with the official report of Minister Stevens at the time, nor with his recent letter; nor with the reports printed at Honolulu at the time, nor with those of business men and other persons of truth and standing who were present in Honolulu. This disagreement as to the facts is regrettable, and will require further investigation to determine what actually occurred.

But assuming that Blount is correct—to which we by no means agree as yet—it can not be controverted that the provisional government is in power now, the islands at peace, and that no good reason exists for inaugurating a civil war—which will surely follow any attempt to reinstate Liliuokalani. The United States has been asked to annex Hawaii. Mr. Cleveland can refuse this if he shall choose; but we doubt if public opinion will uphold him in any attempt to overthrow the existing government, on any pretext whatever.

BLOUNT'S REPORT.

The State department has finally made public the report of "Paramount" Commissioner Blount on the Hawaiian question. It is an enormously bulky document, but every point of public interest in it is given in the recent letter of Secretary Gresham, except that Blount plainly charges that there was collusion between United States Minister Stevens and the revolutionists. As we have before remarked, there is a wide divergence between Blount's story and those so far published of every one else from Minister Stevens down.

But the point for the American people to consider is this: Is there any good reason, in the present status of affairs in Hawaii, or in anything that has taken place since our present administration went into power, to justify a resort to force to reinstate the deposed Queen? The Provisional government of Hawaii sent commissioners to Washington with a request for annexation. Mr. Cleveland may reject this proposition, if he shall choose, but what right has he to go beyond that, and attempt to subvert a republic which has been recognized by the United States and other nations, to satisfy the venomous rancor which Gresham entertains for ex-President Harrison?

The statement that Congressman Culbertson, of Texas, is against free wool is another nail in the hopes of Prof. Wilson, at the head of the Ways and Means committee. The principal clause of the new tariff bill was to be free wool. However, Mr Culbertson is only one man, and Prof. Wilson will insist on free wool as one of the most important points of his new tariff bill.

Ex-Speaker Reed's comment on the universality of the effect of tariff reduction is well worth a careful reading:

> Men in all employments are rapidly beginning to learn that our interests are so closely braided up that one can not be touched without injuring the rest. This lesson is being thoroughly learned, as shown by the vote in the recent elections. It remains for those who have learned the lesson to continue to enforce it from now and forevermore.

Representative Enloe, of Tennessee, has introduced another Southern war claim bill. It authorizes payment for all churches and schoolhouses used for government purposes during the war. Not a dollar should be paid for any such purpose. There is neither right nor justice in it.

The Democrats on the Ways and Means committee are said to be in favor of an income tax of 2 per cent on incomes above $3,500 or $4,000. It is estimated that this would bring an an annual revenue of $50,000,000, and thus save reimposing the duty on sugar.

Bachelors don't make good gubernatorial candidates, Mr. Neal.

The favorite son is on deck.

"GET TOGETHER" ON SILVER!

Republicans of the East and the West owe it to themselves and to their party to "get together" on the silver question. The party in the East—and by that we mean all east of the Mississippi river—and a very large number in the West, even in the "silver states," are opposed to the free and unlimited coinage of full legal tender silver at the present ratio. They know that it would bring our monetary system to a silver basis, and that the change would cause a derangement of business that would end in widespread ruin.

But they are not opposed to the larger use of silver as money, if some plan can be devised whereby this evil result can be prevented. They are not opposed to increasing the amount of sound money in the country; on the contrary, they favor it. Given a coin currency on the only true basis—that each coin, whether of gold or silver, shall contain its face value of bullion—and there can not be too much of it in a country.

The Republican party should become an unit upon some plan that will satisfy its members on both sides of the silver question. It is impossible, we sincerely believe, for this one nation to rehabilitate silver. It will take the action of all the great commercial nations of the world to do this, and at least two of them will not at present consent to any such step. But is it possible for us to increase the use of silver among our own people—and that, too, in a manner which will not endanger a derangement of our finances by a drop to the silver standard?

The first step to such a desirable consummation must be a recognition by the silver Republicans that it is impossible for the United States alone to hold silver up to its coinage ratio with gold, when she would be the only great nation of the world to keep silver as a money of final redemption. The dropping of the silver dollar from our coinage in 1873 was by no means an isolated act. Here is a recapitulation showing the nations and the number of inhabitants of each, which have done as we then did—deciding in favor of a gold standard, dropping out silver, except under limitation as to the quantity issued and without free coinage:

	Population.
Germany, demonetized silver in 1871-73	42,000,000
France, stopped silver coinage in 1874 and has filled up with gold	38,000,000
Italy, do	30,000,000
Belgium, adopted gold standard ten years ago	6,000,000
Switzerland and Greece, do	4,000,000
Scandinavia, demonetized silver in 1872	10,000,000
Holland, do in 1875	4,000,000
Austria-Hungary, do in 1879, filling up with gold	38,000,000
Roumania, adopted gold standard in 1880	5,000,000
Russia, stopped silver coinage in 1876 and is filling up with gold	100,000,000
British India, do in 1893	28,000,000
Great Britain demonetized silver in 1816 and all its colonies have followed the example	50,000,000

Here is a total of 606,000,000 people, not including the 67,000,000 in the United States, no legislature of ours can have any effect upon these nations. Let us recognize the facts as they exist, and, without trying to do the impossible, let us agree upon some policy that will enlarge our own use of silver, increase the amount of good money in circulation, and avoid all danger of a change of standard. The Republican party, if it has the wisdom to solve such a policy, will be absolutely invincible.

WHICH IS RIGHT?

In Secretary Gresham's official communication on Hawaiian matters, he declares that the provisional government was established by the action of Minister Stevens, and the presence of troops landed from the Boston; and that its continued existence is due to the belief among the Hawaiian people that any effort to overthrow it would be resisted by "the armed forces of the United States."

This is a statement at direct variance with those made at the time by Minister Stevens, and by every one who has related the story of the revolution. The latter portion is also directly contradicted by the official dispatches from the State Department to the American minister at Honolulu. Let us recapitulate the facts as then stated, and never denied until Gresham's letter was written:

Queen Liliuokalani, though warned and advised against it, attempted to promulgate a constitution which would disfranchise all white men in Hawaii save those married to Kanaka wives. That is, she proposed to disfranchise all the heavy taxpayers; in fact, all those in whose hands were the business interest of the country. Her own ministers refused to legalize this, even though her troops were drawn up in front of the palace, and the throne-room crowded with her native adherents. An entire day was spent in the ineffectual effort. During the following night the steps were perfected for the overthrow of the monarchy.

The revolution had been an accomplished fact for 48 hours before the marines were disembarked from the Boston; and that step was taken only as a precaution, to protect the persons and property of American citizens from possible violence.

In refutation of Gresham's charge that the continued existence of the provisional government was due to the belief of the Hawaiians that any effort to overthrow it would be resisted by the United States forces, it is only necessary to quote the following from Secretary of State Foster's dispatch, of February 11, 1893, which was as public in Hawaii as it was here:

> So far as your action amounts to according, at the request of the de facto sovereign government of the Hawaiian Islands, the co-operation of the moral and material forces of the United States for the protection of life and property from apprehended disorders, your action is commended. But so far as it may appear to overstep that limit by setting the authority and power of the United States above that of the government of the Hawaiian Islands, in the capacity of protector, or to impair in any way the independent sovereignty of the Hawaiian government, by substituting the flag and power of the United States as the symbol and manifestation of paramount authority, it is disavowed.

Unless Secretary Gresham—who is, after all, but a head clerk for President Cleveland—can produce very cogent proofs, he is certainly liable to suffer from the imputation not only of unfairness but of untruthfulness.

The net Treasury balance is the lowest since the war. It is only a little over ninety-eight millions, of which eighty-four millions are gold. Thus are the beauties of Democratic financial management made clear to the people.

Larry Neal has been running—for office—about twenty years. He should rest awhile.

When the El Cid gets to Rio, Mello will have some real fighting on his hands.

THE "NASBY LETTERS."

Read the Announcement of Our Grand Premium Offer.

On the fifth page will be found the announcement of the most important premium offer ever made by The Blade—and one that is most welcome, not only to our subscribers, but to the people at large, who have ben asking for the "Nasby Letters" in book form for many years. We have spent much time and labor on this book, besides the great aggregate expense of printing and binding so many thousand copies. We hope that every subscriber will renew and get a copy under this offer.

A few weeks before the expiration of your subscription, you will receive a postal card, which if returned with one dollar for your renewal will be received as a due-bill for a copy of the "Nasby Letters," which will be sent postpaid, free of all charge. We do this in order to facilitate our work in entering names and sending the book. It takes far less labor to care for each month's renewals during that month than to let them run over into the next month.

Of course, we shall take care of new subscribers at the time they order. We can not send them postal card due-bills, nor fix a time wherein we prefer to receive their orders; but any new subscriber who sends us $1 for the Weekly Blade one year, and asks for a copy of the "Nasby Letters," will have his order filled as soon as it is received. If you do not mention that you want the book, we shall consider that you do not want it. Send in your orders!

SOUTHERN PROTECTIONISTS.

One of the signs of the times is the presence in Washington of a large and influential delegation of Southern men—representatives especially of the industries of the "new South"—demanding that the protective duties be retained upon coal, iron ore, iron, lumber, rice, etc. These gentlemen are all Democrats, they say, but they are demanding the retention of a Republican law to protect the business interests of their section. Mr. F. G. Bush, president of the Mobile & Birmingham railroad and of the Clifton Iron Company, was the spokesman of the delegation before the ways and means committee, who, in concluding his argument (which will be found in The Blade's Washington dispatches to-day), said:

> We are not politicians; we are plain business men. We are Democrats from principle, and we certainly do not expect to suffer in the house of our friends. If we do, it is a natural question to ask how long we will continue to kiss the hand that smites us?

Here is a striking illustration of one of the absurdities of American politics. It is that of making a fetish of a party, irrespective of what that party advocates. What is a political party? Nothing but a combination of voters who believe in the same solution for leading questions of national policy. It is not a form of religion, nor a mere matter of theory. If Mr. Bush and his confreres believe in protection, they believe a doctrine that is distinctively Republican, and they should affiliate with that party. They should have strained every nerve to defeat the Democratic party when it adopted the Neal free trade plank in national convention last year. The tariff was the issue between the parties then as it is now.

The Blade has often urged the people of the South to drop their intense prejudices, and take up the forward line of march. There is no possible reason why any live, progressive Southern man of the present time shall not be a Republican, for the protection policy is the only one that can bring the South forward, and lead to the development of its industries and material resources. We trust the delegation now at Washington will have its eyes opened to the truth, and learn that the Republican party upholds the true national policy. But they will have to abandon the idea that there is some mysterious virtue in the name "Democrat" as the first step.

The time-honored question of removing the iron bars which shut the women spectators in the House of Commons in a sort of monkey cage has again come to the front, and this time there seems really some chance that it will be done. But so great is the conservatism of the English nation that the minister in charge has explained that it will need an expression of opinion from a majority of the House. This it is difficult to get, for the reason that a majority secretly dislike seeing women about the place at all. In this the English legislators are different from our own. The presence of ladies in the galleries of Congress has proved an inspiration to many an American statesman; and happy does the Congressman count himself if the announcement that he is to speak fills the ladies' gallery.

The Democrats of the Ways and Means committee will probably be ready to submit their new tariff bill, with an income tax attachment, to the full committee in a day or so. The Republican minority of the committee will, it is thought, report an endorsement of the present tariff law. The bill will probably be made public on Monday, March 27. Then the people will have a chance to take the true measure of "tariff reform" of the Democratic brand.

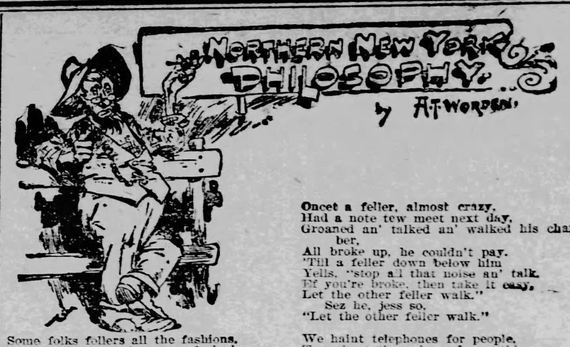
The old split among the Georgia Democrats is to be revived. The Kolb faction will hold a state convention in January, when Kolb and the same ticket that he headed last year will be nominated in opposition to the regular Democratic ticket. It is expected that the Republicans will fail to nominate a ticket and will combine with the Kolbites in the attempt to defeat the Bourbons. There'll be fun in Georgia next year, sure.

The Chicago dailies are crying out over the carnival of crime in that city. If a few of the criminals brought to book in that city received properly severe sentences, the carnival would end very quickly.

The tight money times made our people stop buying, with the result that our exports during October exceeded our imports by over $36,000,000 for the month.

The tin dinner pail got in its work on election day. It was empty, you know.

Perhaps Cleveland will try his hand at restoring the monarchy in Brazil also.



Some folks follers all the fashions,
Hats an' pants an' coats an' cloaks,
Run in debt an' spend their dollars
Jest tew be like other folks.
List'nin' for the speech of people
On our style an' clothes an' walk.
Say, you jest keep pickin' berries.
Let the other feller talk.
Sez he, jess so.
"Let the other feller talk."

Seem's if Providence intended
We should be tew some things blind.
Else he'd placed between our shoulders
A big search-light eye behind.
Ef we 'tend tew what's before us,
That's about our proper notch,
We'll keep tallyin' the bushels,
While the other fellers watch.
Sez he, jess so.
"While the other fellers watch."

Oncet a feller, almost crazy,
Had a note tew meet next day,
Groaned an' talked an' walked his chamber,
All broke up, he couldn't pay.
'Till a feller down below him
Yells, "stop all that noise an' talk.
Ef you're broke, then take it easy,
Let the other feller walk."
Sez he, jess so.
"Let the other feller walk."

We haint telephones for people,
Tew shout through us funny things,
Nor yet phonygraphs tew echo
Other people's drivellings.
"Folks will think," "bgosh then let 'em,
Thought kin neither float nor sink,
You keep tearin' off your coupons,
Let the other feller think.
Sez he, jess so.
"Let the other feller think."

An' perhaps when all's considered,
Folks ain't half so apt to roam
As we think, for all our neighbors
They got cats tew skin at home.
They ain't walkin' talkin' thinkin'
Half what fellers think they dew,
While our dolls is leakin' sawdust,
'Tother feller's busy tew.
Sez he, jess so,
"'Tother feller's busy tew."

GEN. RUSK DEAD.

Hon. J. M. Rusk, Secretary of Agriculture under President Harrison's administration, died at his home at Viroqua, Wisconsin, on Tuesday, in his 64th year. Gen. Rusk was a typical American, and his career is another instance of the fact that under our free institutions the way is open to every one, irrespective of his condition, if he is mentally well endowed, and possesses the ambition to make something of himself.

Like so many distinguished Americans, Gen. Rusk was an Ohio man. He was born in Morgan county, and led the ordinary life of a farmer's boy—working in summer and attending district school in winter. In his 23d year he removed to Wisconsin, and started on the career which made him one of her most distinguished citizens. He entered the army as major of the 25th Wisconsin, and came out in 1865 as a brevet Brigadier General, this rank being the reward of his bravery in the field. He served three times as Representative in Congress, was twice governor of his state, and in 1889 entered Harrison's Cabinet as Secretary of Agriculture, in which position he did most excellent work, giving the organization of the then embryo department a practical trend which has made it enormously valuable to the farming interests of the country. "Uncle Jerry" Rusk was a genial, wholesouled man, and his death is regretted by the whole people.

A REPUBLICAN DUTY.

One swallow does not make a summer. One political turn-over does not make a permanent revolution. The November election was a magnificent Republican victory, but it does not necessarily follow that at the Congressional and state elections one year hence the tide will still run as strongly in our direction.

We have won a splendid triumph; let us now give it the elements of permanency. This can only be done by organization and by persistent activity. We may be sure the enemy will not be idle. Every energy will be devoted to winning back the dissatisfied voters who left the Democratic camp and aided in gaining the Republican triumph. We must be vigilant and active. The time to begin work is NOW, and it should not end until triumph crowns our banners in November next.

There is a large class of American citizens who are not partisans. They cast their votes according to the light in which they see the questions at issue. A year ago thousands and tens of thousands of them voted with the Democratic party, because they were restless, and believed in the cry for a "change." The change came, and it was not to their liking. They voted this year with the Republican party. Let it be our task to convince them that the policies of our party are safer, are better for the whole people, than those of the Democracy. Thus we can build up an army of voters which will be invincible.

Organize and educate!

THE OHIO FIGURES.

The Democratic brethren are endeavoring to account for the Ohio landslide on the 7th by saying that the Democratic voters stayed at home on election day. Unfortunately for them, the figures show this assumption to be false. The total vote of the state on that day will reach at least $25,000, which is the largest vote ever polled in Ohio except at the Presidential elections of 1884 (841,941) and 1892 (861,625). McKinley's vote reaches a total of about 433,000, and is the largest vote ever cast for any candidate, either for governor or President, in this state. The vote for Neal will reach a little over 352,000, which is 50,000 less than that for Bill Taylor for secretary of State in 1892, and 52,000 less than the highest Cleveland elector at the same election; it is 13,000 less than Campbell received in 1891, when McKinley defeated him. McKinley's vote is 28,000 more than any Democrat ever received in Ohio, and 16,000 more than any Republican. He has a majority of 41,000 over all other gubernatorial candidates. The Democrats did not stay at home; they went to the polls and voted for McKinley.

The cruiser Columbia, if she fulfills the promise of her preliminary trial trip, will prove the greyhound of the navy. Her specifications call for 21 knots an hour, and a maximum of 22. She exceeded this on her first trip, and the regular trial trip is expected to make 23 with ease. In that case her builders will receive $400,000 in excess of the contract price, as the government offers $50,000 for each quarter-knot above the 21 knots required by the specifications.

Admiral Mello has hoisted the imperial flag, and thus made his rebellion an attempt to restore the family of Dom Pedro to the throne. This will not succeed. Even should Mello capture Rio, there are several Brazilian states—and those the most populous and influential—that will not accept a reinstatement of the monarchy.

If an income tax is inflicted upon the country the protest of the people at the Congressional elections next fall will be even more vigorous than at the recent election.

The flowers that bloom in the spring, tra la, are not in it just now with the chrysanthemum.

"God save the Queen" is Cleveland's favorite tune. Queen Lil. is probably meant.

A DECADE OF CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

The civil service law is a stench in the nostrils of the Democratic placemen. No longer can petty ward workers and strikers at the polls be provided with fat clerkships and postoffice positions at the will of Congressmen. But there is no possibility of the repeal of that law. Each year its scope is extended and the number of places removed from the grasp of the spoilsmen is increased. It was adopted ten years ago, and covered a total of only fourteen thousand places—all of which were in the departments at Washington.

During Cleveland's first term, the classified service was extended to cover something less than two thousand more places, and after the election of 1888, between that and the inauguration of Harrison, the Democratic administration placed the railway mail service under this law. This was done, not so much for the sake of the principle of civil service reform, as to protect the Democratic clerks with whom that service had been filled. President Harrison, during his term, extended the law to cover all the physicians in the Indian service; the superintendents and assistant superintendents, teachers and matrons in the Indian schools; the employes in the Fish commission; and the positions in all the free delivery postoffices not previously under its provisions.

There is now a total of 45,000 places covered by the civil service law, instead of the 14,000 it embraced in 1883. This growth has been rapid, when we consider the intense, though veiled, opposition to the law. No politician who deemed the offices legitimate perquisites of victory but detested the law, and evaded it whenever it could be done. Rulings have been made, or changes of administration, by which hundreds of clerks were gotten rid of, to reward those of the triumphant party; and some have even gone so far as to dismiss men on trumped-up charges to make places for political henchmen, as was the case in the postoffice at Terre Haute last summer. But civil service reform has come to stay; and the day is coming when official spoils will cease to be a factor in American politics.

A VOICE FOR M'KINLEY.

The Toledo Bending company yesterday received an unique letter from the firm of Waterhouse & Porter, San Francisco, one of the largest firms on the Pacific coast, written on election day, November 7. This epistle begins thus:

> Gentlemen:—With the understanding that you people of Ohio deport yourselves properly to-day, and elect the friend of the people, and one so grandly fitted for your chief magistrate (and even of our great nation, and the one our people hope to see placed in that high position three years hence), you may fill the following order soon as possible:

Here follows a large order, of a character to make the heart of the recipients glad; and the Toledo Bending company proceeded to fill it with all expedition, the conditions in the introductory paragraph of the letter, quoted above, having been filled in a manner which certainly is most satisfactory to Governor McKinley's California friends and admirers. Ohio's governor is no longer a state quantity, but a national figure known and admired from the Atlantic to the Golden Gate. The Republicans of the Pacific slope will come to the next national convention of their party with a McKinley boom of the largest proportions as part of their transcontinental outfit.

Another great ship canal has just been completed—that from Liverpool to Manchester, England. The latter is the great cotton manufacturing center of the world. It is 35 miles frome Liverpool. Cotton from America, India and Egypt is landed at Liverpool and sent by rail to Manchester, at a cost of about $3.40 per ton. By this canal the vessels will unload at the Manchester docks, at a cost of only about $1.75 per ton. To make this saving the canal has been constructed, at a total cost of about $75,000,000. Manchester is thus made a seaport, and one of the visionary dreams of long ago becomes a reality in these fin de siecle days.

President Cleveland is laboring upon his message to be given to Congress upon its meeting in regular session in December. There is much to say, but the President could do more in one paragraph to relieve the present condition of the country than he probably will do in all his long review of events. Were he to say to the country that he would veto any "revenue only" tariff bill, there would be a change for the better at once.

The recommendations of Assistant Postmaster General Bell that some provision should be made for the families of postal clerks and railway mail employes who lose their lives while in the performance of their duty, should be listened to by Congress. At the next session provision should be made for families under this head.

The tariff-tinkering at Washington is the only thing which now prevents the rapid return of good times.

Two men are foremost in the Republican ranks for President: Wm. McKinley and Tom Reed.

Cleveland's "jingo" policy in Hawaii seems to have slipped its trolley.

Cleveland's Hawaiian policy is doomed to be a monumental failure.

STATE RANK AND PRODUCTION.

Colorado is first in silver.
Washington is eighth in gold.
Alaska ranks first in sealskins.
Utah is third in silver and tenth in gold.
Montana is fourth in silver and fifth in gold.
Florida is third in sugar and sixth in rice.
Idaho is sixth in gold and seventh in silver.
Nebraska is eighth in corn and ninth in rye.
Minnesota is fourth in wheat and eighth in oats.
Vermont is fourth in copper and seventh in hops.
Rhode Island is second in cotton and linen goods.
Nevada is second in gold and fourth in silver.
The two Dakotas lead all the states in wheat.
South Carolina leads in rice, is fifth in cotton.
Wyoming is twelfth in cattle and fourteenth in gold.
New Mexico is eighth in silver and seventh in gold.
Oregon is seventh in fisheries and fifteenth in wheat.
Delaware is the twenty-first of the states in apples.
Maine is fifth in buckwheat, eighth in hops, ninth in potatoes.
Louisiana is first in sugar, third in rice and seventh in cotton.
West Virginia is fifth in coal, eighth in buckwheat and iron.
New Hampshire is third in cotton goods and fifteenth in potatoes.
Kansas is fifth in cattle and corn, ninth in hogs, horses and coal.
Georgia exports every year over $1,000,000 worth of watermelons.
New Mexico annually sends out nearly $10,000,000 in bullion.
Arkansas in cotton stands fifth, in mules ninth, in lumber twelfth.
Virginia is the first in peanuts, second in tobacco and eighth in salt.
Tennessee is second in peanuts, third in live stock, ninth in cotton.
Maryland is second in fisheries, fourth in coal and seventh in tobacco.
Connecticut has 30,000 farms. The tobacco product in 1889 was 14,000,000 lbs.
North Carolina is first in tar, second in copper, third in peanuts, fourth in rice.
Arizona is fifth in silver, eighth in sheep and live stock, and ninth in gold product.
Florida produces over fifty varieties of the orange. The annual crop is about 2,250,000 boxes.
Kentucky is first in tobacco, fourth in whisky, sixth in hogs, eighth in rye and mules.
Alabama is fourth in cotton, fifth in molasses, sixth in sugar, seventh in rice, tenth in coal.
Mississippi is second in cotton, fifth in rice, sixth in horses and mules, and seventh in sugar.
Massachusetts is first in fisheries, second in commerce, third in manufactures and printing.
Indiana is third in wheat, fourth in corn and hogs, seventh in cattle and railways, eighth in coal.
Texas is first in cattle and cotton, second in sugar, sheep and mules, seventh in cows, eighth in hogs.
Idaho produces 1,500,000 bushels of wheat, $1,000,000 worth of fruits, and 2,000,000 pounds of wool.
Connecticut leads in clocks, is third in silk manufactures, fourth in cotton mills, and eighth in tobacco.
Maine has 20,000 square miles of pine forests. The lumber industry sends out 400,000,000 feet a year.
New Jersey is first in silk manufactures and zinc, fourth in iron, sixth in buckwheat, and seventh in rye.
Missouri is first in mules, third in hogs and corn, sixth in iron and horses, seventh in oats, ninth in sheep.
Michigan is first in copper, salt and lumber, second in iron, third in sheep, fifth in hops, sixth in wheat.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

FALL JOKELETS.

The ladies are so vain of their hair that they are proud of getting it into the papers.

To appear helpless is woman's way of flattering man. It is because she allows man to look down upon her that man looks up to her.

Ada—Why does Clara speak of George as "her intended?" Are they engaged?

Alice—No; but she intends that they shall be.

"I infer that Jaysmith is very familiar with history." "How did you acquire that inference?" "I heard him speak of Charlemagne as Charlie."

Tessie—Tell me a fairy tale, mamma, Mamma—I dont know any, dear. Wait till your father comes home to-night about midnight; he'll tell one.

Mrs. Larkin—I want a little money, Fred. Mr. Larkin—I'm very glad of that. Mrs. Larkin (surprised)—Why are you glad? Mr. Larkin—Because you generally want a good deal.

Oholly—This is my grandmother's portrait and I am thought to have some of her features. His Adored—Yes, I see a strong resemblance between her eyebrow and your mustache.

"I'm sure we shall be on good terms," said the man who had just moved into the neighborhood to the corner grocer. "No doubt of it, sir, decidedly," he added as an afterthought, "if the terms are cash."

"I have been on this road twenty years and know what I am talking about," said the L. O. & D. Railway guard to the passenger who complained of slow time. "Twenty years! What station did you get on at?

Publishers' Column.

WANT A WATCH?

Then Here is Your Golden Opportunity.

Do you want a watch? If you do, you want a good one. In these days of excellent watches you cannot afford to carry a poor one. The Elgin and Waltham watches represent the perfection of mechanical skill and artistic beauty. They are recognized the world over as the finest timepieces that have yet been devised. These are the watches that we offer to you, and at prices far below those charged in shops.

When a purchaser receives a watch he may submit it to an expert, and if at the end of three days he is satisfied that the watch is not up to the guarantee he should at once return it to this office, when his money will be refunded in full. No watches can be sent C. O. D., and no samples can be sent. Every watch is guaranteed to be the latest product of the Waltham or Elgin factories, whichever the purchaser may select.

In ordering BE SURE to state the number of the offer, say whether you want Elgin or Waltham, and give the price, that we may understand clearly what you want.

Here are the watches we offer. All are stem-winders and setters:

Offer No. 1—The Toledo Blade Special.

GOLD WATCH, MEN'S SIZE, $16.75.

This watch is exactly like a $100 solid gold watch in everything except the expense. The case is made of two plates of solid gold, 14 kt. fine, so thick that they will last twenty years. Between these plates is a thin sheet of stiff composition metal, the purpose of which is to protect the works from damage when the watch is pressed or struck. The ring, joints, thumb-piece, and all parts subjected to constant wear, are solid gold. The works contain a regulator so plain that a child can work it, seven valuable jewels, compensating expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus. The works much resemble the celebrated Waltham "Riverside," a movement known the world over. This watch is offered to Blade subscribers only, but any subscriber may buy all the wishes for his friends. Price of either Open Face or Hunting Case, delivered, $16.75.

NO. 11-2—BLADE EXTRA.

Gold Watch, Men's Size, $14.50.

For a short time we will sell No. 11/4 for $14.50. It is the same as No. 1 in looks. This case is guaranteed to be gold-filled and good for 15 years' wear. We will send it to any Blade subscriber in hunting case only, including free delivery, for $14.50.

Offer No. 2—Men's Size.

GOLD WATCH, $14.25.

No. 2 is a men's size Waltham or Elgin gold-filled hunting-case watch, stem wind and set; the works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, and all improvements. It is an accurate timepiece, which looks just like a $100 solid gold watch. The case is guaranteed to wear 15 years. Watch clubs have been selling this watch for $38. Our price by registered mail, delivery prepaid and guaranteed, is only $14.25.

Offer No. 3—Men's Size.

OPEN-FACE GOLD WATCH—$12.

No. 3 is a magnificent gold-filled open face watch, with Waltham or Elgin works, seven jewels, expansion balance, plain regulator, etc. Purchasers can easily get $35 for this watch in cash or exchange. The manufacturers guarantee the case to wear 15 years. Price, by registered mail, $12.

Offer No. 4—Men's Size.

WALTHAM OR ELGIN—$5.50.

No. 4 is a men's size Waltham or Elgin watch, containing seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting, and all the latest improvements. The case is solid nickel silver, open face, and the crystal is made of plate glass, so heavy as to withstand any strain. The usual price of this watch is $8.50 to $12.50. We send it to subscribers by registered mail for $5.50.

Offer No. 5—Lady's Size.

SOLID GOLD WATCH—$22.50.

No. 5 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch, in a handsomely engraved solid gold case, warranted to be 14 k. gold. Each watch is a stem-winder and setter, with compensation balance, patent safety pinion and jewelled hair-spring. We will send this elegant time-piece to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for $22.50.

Offer No. 6—Lady's Size.

GOLD WATCH—$13.25.

No. 6 is a seven-jeweled lady's watch, in an engraved hunting case, either Waltham or Elgin movement, the gold on which is guaranteed by the manufacturers good for at least 15 years' wear. It is a magnificent time-keeper, and usually sells at from $18 to $25. Subscribers should sell it for $20. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $13.25.

Offer No. 8—Blade Special.

Open face or hunting case, Waltham or Elgin works. It has the appearance and the cost of the good quality of a $200 watch. The movement for works contains 15 jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, patent regulator and all improvements. The case is the thinnest filed watch case ever made; that is, the watch when closed in the pocket is thin. The lids of the case are the usual thickness, and form a perfect protection for the movement. The case is made of a plate of fine composition metal, over which two heavy sheets of 14k. gold are drawn, making a case that is for all purposes as good as solid gold, and warranted for 20 years. Every part which is subjected to constant wear, such as the ring, thumb-piece, joint plugs, hinges, etc., is of solid gold. This is just the watch for doctors, lawyers, clergymen, county committeemen, and all others who wish an accurate timekeeper. As a present it cannot be excelled. It is so thin and convenient in form that it will even make a good and satisfactory pocket watch, and is especially recommended for school teachers and other professional women on account of its accuracy, which is equaled by no watch made especially for ladies.

We will send this watch, open face or hunting case, as desired, by registered mail, to any of our subscribers for $22.00.

No. 9—"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham.

FULL JEWELED, MEN'S SIZE.

"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham works contain 15 jewels, four pairs in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring, hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, adjusted double-sunk dial. Delivery guaranteed and prepaid in the following cases:

Gold-filled 15-yr. hunting case (engraved)	$22 00
Gold-filled 15-yr. case, open face (engraved)	18 50
In solid coin silver case (3 oz.), open face or hunting	17 25
In solid nickel silver case, dust proof, open face	12 25

No. 10—In Honor of Columbus—The Waltham World's Fair Extra.

GOLD WATCH, ELEGANT GOLD-ENAMELED DIAL, NO. 1492. PRICE, $20.

No. 1492 is a magnificent Waltham watch, named and numbered in honor of Columbus. It has cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, etc. It has a beautiful genuine gold-enameled dial, with Arabic figures, which gives to the watch the appearance of a $300 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14k. gold in two plates, stiffened between with a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 20 years. The ring, joint plugs, thumb-piece, and all parts subjected to constant wear are solid gold. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. Price, $20 in hunting case and $19 in open face.

"THE LIMITED."

14k. Gold-Filled Watch, Men's Size Hunting Case—No. 2487, Price $12.50.

The two following watches compose our new limited offer. This offer is limited in every way. The number of watches we can sell at this price is limited and the time the offer will last is also limited. No. 2487 has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensating expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the latest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $38, and it is worth it. We will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery prepaid and guaranteed, for $12.50.

Ladies' Size Hunting Case 14k. Gold-Filled Watch—No. 2488, Price $12.50.

This magnificent watch is just like No. 2487, but ladies' size. It is a most attractive watch, especially desirable where a lady wishes something really handsome at a reasonable price. The color of the gold is rich, and the timekeeping qualities of the watch are of high order. Price, delivered, $12.50.

In ordering BE SURE to state the number of the offer, say whether you want Elgin or Waltham, and give the price, that we may understand clearly what you want.

If you are not a subscriber to The Blade, add one dollar to prices above stated when you order, and we will enter you on our subscription list for one year. Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

WATCH CHAINS.

In appearance, there is no difference between a rolled gold chain worth $10, and a solid gold chain worth $100; and really there is no difference after half a lifetime's wear. So many of our watch buyers desire us to supply them with chains, that we have arranged to supply gold filled chains, which for many years' wear are fully equal to solid gold. They are all guaranteed to wear five years, if properly used. The prices below include free safe delivery:

No. 1—Men's rolled gold filled "trace" chain	$1 00
No. 2—Men's heavy rolled gold filled "cable" chain	1 50
No. 3—Men's stylish chain, rolled gold filled, long and short links combined	4 50
No. 4—Men's seamless gold filled "rope" chain	4 75
No. 5—Lady's Victoria watch chain and charm, extra rolled gold plated	1 25
No. 6—Lady's Victoria watch chain and charm, extra rolled gold plated	1 35
No. 7—Lady's Victoria watch chain and charm, solid gold	4 00
No. 8—Lady's solid 14k gold Victoria watch chain and charm, usual retail price $12; our price	8 00

We deliver these chains free by mail to any subscriber of The Blade on receipt of the above prices. The higher-priced filled chains are guaranteed to wear 20 years. The solid gold chain will of course wear forever. Address all orders and remittances to "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

NICKEL SILVER TABLE WARE.

It is Better Than Plated Stuff and Saves Much Worry.

We are now enabled to offer to subscribers to The Blade (and to subscribers only, remember) teaspoons, dessert spoons, tablespoons, and forks, made of a composition known as nickel silver. This table ware so closely resembles solid silver that an expert might be deceived, and not only the first-class hotels but many private families are discarding plated ware and substituting this. It is indestructible, does not tarnish so easily as solid silver from exposure to the air, and it is finished in the same manner as the solid silver goods. The patterns are no thicker than solid silver; the smooth pattern requires absolute perfection in the casting, which is not necessary where the stamp will hide the minute pinholes. It can be engraved with monogram or initials, like silver.

The advantage of solid metal tableware lies in the fact that it can be used constantly everywhere, and in the roughest manner, scoured with sand or polished with chalk, and there is nothing to wear off or wear out.

Prices.

They are sent by registered mail, postpaid, at the following prices:

1 dozen teaspoons	$1.25
1/2 dozen teaspoons	.80
1 dozen tablespoons or forks	2.35
1/2 dozen tablespoons or forks	1.35
1 dozen dessert spoons or forks	2.00
1/2 dozen dessert spoons or forks	1.15
1/2 dozen table knives	2.25
1 dozen table knives	3.25

These are made only in the one pattern. They are not sent by express. There can be no variation from these offers. Only subscribers to The Blade can buy at these prices, but they can buy as much as they like.

BEAUTIFUL PICTURES.

There is nothing which so adds to a home as nice pictures upon its walls. The Blade has sold tens of thousands of pictures—copies of the most celebrated paintings in the world. Only one person can own the original, but everybody can have a good copy at a very low price. Most of these pictures are done in high colors, in close imitation of the original painting. One or two of them are photographic etchings, and very artistic. Sizes of these pictures are either 17x24 or 21x28. We now offer the following:

1. The Roman Chariot Race.
2. The Retreat From Moscow.
3. "Diana or Christy?"
4. Napoleon at Fredland.
5. Christ Before Pilate.
6. The Grand Canal of Venice.
7. The Horse Fair.
8. Columbus at the Court of Spain.
9. The Landing of Columbus.
10. Theory of Columbus Rejected in the Council of Salamanca.
11. Christ walking on the Sea of Galilee.
12. The Russian Wedding Feast.
13. Home from the First Voyage.
14. The First Love Letter.

Any one of the above pictures will be sent by mail, postpaid, inclosed in a stout pasteboard tube, for 25 CENTS.

Or, we will send any five of them you may choose for ONE DOLLAR.

Address all orders: THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

LOVELY WOMAN.

She traveled on the train all day,
Without so much as stopping,
And all because her mind was bent
On just one hour of shopping.
—Exchange.

BEATS THE GATLING.

One Man Might Wipe Out a Regiment With This Weapon.

There is now on exhibition at the navy-yard in Washington awaiting trial by the naval authorities the latest improved type of the machine gun. The new gun is the invention of J. G. Accles, who for many

THE ACCLES MACHINE GUN.

years was associated as a practical expert with the manufacture of the Gatling gun. The navy has ordered one of the Accles guns, and in case experience with it, under service conditions, is satisfactory, orders for others will be issued at an early date. During the last few days naval ordnance experts have made a thorough unofficial inspection of the Accles gun, and they have found it to be simple and strong in construction and rapid and accurate in operation. Lieutenant Commander Couden, an attache of the bureau of ordnance, navy department, has expressed the opinion that the Accles invention meets satisfactorily all the requirements of the naval service, and has fewer defects than any inventions of the kind which he has had occasion to examine.

The gun fires only one shot at a time and a cartridge cannot be discharged without the trigger being pulled. Turning the crank cannot, therefore, by any possibility, discharge cartridges unless the trigger is also pulled. The force of discharge is absorbed by the weight of the gun, so that there is no recoil or disarrangement of the aim caused by firing. While the habitual position of the crank is on the trunnion, a preferable location in the ten-barreled gun for accurate firing, it can be placed at the rear of the gun, making it possible to discharge all of the shots at each turn of the crank, or thirty shots a second, which is at the rate of 1,800 shots per minute.

CHANGE IN HAIRDRESSING.

A Severe Parting in the Middle and Ringlets Over the Ears.

A few pretty women in Paris and some young ladies here are dressing their hair in true Victorian style, parted in the middle, the hair waved with crimping irons and drawn down on either side to cover the ears. A really pretty woman looks nice with her hair in this style, because she can't help it, but it is impossible to avoid reflecting how very much prettier she would be with her dainty ears visible and a few lightly curling locks on her fore head. The band which our English cousins insist upon calling "the fringe," really covers a multitude of sins, softens hard outlines, shadows colorless eyes, and forms a becoming connecting link between a hard brimmed hat and the forehead. By dint of leagues and arguments we managed to evade the crinoline, and now this fresh trial is upon us. Have you not noticed what an aging effect the fashion of parting the hair straight down the middle of the forehead has upon almost all faces? It may be due to the association of ideas, for a straight line argues some form of austerity, and the severe is one of the antitheses of youth. The next thing will be bunches of curls—ringlets in the proper word—which are to be seen all through Dickens's books, and which necessitate a parting across the head, as well as toward the forehead. Even now there are rumors of these curls having appeared in Paris, to the satisfaction of the hairdressers, for hair is not plentiful nowadays, and these ringlets will probably be made and purchased ready for use at the hairdresser's establishment. Every one who follows rigorously the new mode will experience difficulty in choosing a hat or bonnet, for the richest velvet and the daftest feathers alike fail to impart that becoming softness which a few ruffled curls bestow.

Explaining Things.

"I don't see no sense in having sich horrid-sounding names on these here cars," said the old lady from the country.

"It's jist this way, ma'am," replied the conductor. "When we first started out we did have real sweet sounding bells. Well, people 'ud git so stuck on the sound of them bells that they would stand right in the middle of the track to listen at them, and we used to run over from four to eight folks a day. So we had to take 'em off."

"My!"—Boston Journal.

SINCE BABY CAME.

Our home was sweet and beautiful,
The love-light shone so bright—
How could we know a baby's face
Would bring such added light?
How know so soon the little thing
So much of love would claim?
But home has been a bigger thing
Since Baby Helen came.

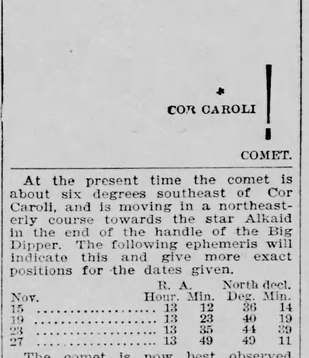
O, yes, a childless home may be
A happy home, 'tis true;
But let a little baby come
And give its heart to you;
The rooms will so transfigured be,
They will not be the same;
Our home has been a different thing
Since Baby Helen came.
—Mrs. M. P. A. Crozier, in Housekeeper.

THE BROOKS COMET.

How and Where to Find It Told by the Discoverer.

Letter to Rochester Democrat.

The comet discovered by the writer on October 16 is moving into more favorable position for observation. Although it is receding from the sun and therefore becoming fainter, it is holding its light well with occasional outbursts of greater brilliancy, and may be readily observed with telescope of moderate aperture. To assist your readers in locating the comet I append the following diagram, also an ephemeris to the end of the month.



At the present time the comet is about six degrees southeast of Cor Caroli, and is moving in a northeasterly course towards the star Alkaid in the end of the handle of the Big Dipper. The following ephemeris will indicate this and give more exact positions for the dates given.

Nov.	R. A. Hour.	Min.	North decl. Deg.	Min.
15	13	12	36	14
19	13	23	40	19
23	13	35	44	39
27	13	49	49	11

The comet is now best observed about 5 o'clock in the morning but at the end of the month it will have moved so far northward as to become circumpolar. Then it will not set at all and may be observed the entire night. The comet has a tail about three degrees in length which has undergone some very interesting changes. Its normal appearance was straight, which then became curved and forked, and two or three supplementary tails have been detected.

WILLIAM R. BROOKS.
Smith Observatory, Geneva, N. Y., November 14, 1893.

PEOPLE OF OTHER WORLDS.

If Jupiter is Inhabited the Men There Are Sixty Feet Tall.

A great deal has been said and much speculation been indulged in with reference to the question whether the celestial worlds are inhabited by intellectual beings similar to the earth-inhabiting man says a writer in the Baltimore Sun. It scarcely admits of doubt that this interesting question will ever remain a mere matter of speculation, but let us suppose that beings resembling man in stature were dwelling on those glorious orbs we see in the vast vault of the heavens, and let us investigate what proportions they would bear to us, provided the length of their bodies were in the same ratio to the diameter of their respective globe as ours to the diameter of the earth. For this reason we have chosen the largest orb of our solar system, the central body of that system itself, and the most brilliant fixed star in the city.

The average inhabitant of the planet Jupiter would stand about sixty feet in his shoes. Were such a Jovian to visit our earth he would be able, without the danger of dislocating his neck, to look into the topmost stories of our metropolitan buildings. A Jovian infant's cradle would be considered by us a very comfortable bed to sleep in. The huge soldiers of Ariovistus, whose mere sight struck terror into Caesar's legions, would dwindle into very pigmies were they to be compared with the Jovian soldier; nay, the latter would coolly pick up King Ariovistus himself, with three or four of his body-guard, and put them as animated toys to play with during the hours of rest.

The solar inhabitant of average size would measure a height of over six hundred feet, so that, were he to visit the earth, the most capacious building ever erected by man would be too small to offer him hospitality. Three or four dozen fattened oxen would form but a meagre breakfast for that capacious cavern—his stomach. On the palm of his hand a whole company of terrestrial soldiers would have sufficient room to go through the military drill and evolutions. What deafening sounds would emerge from those enormous bellows—a solar man's lungs—even if he were to keep the pitch of his voice within the limits of ordinary speech, not to mention the hurricane that would sweep over the land were a solar congressional Senate to indulge in their favorite pastime of blowing off rhetorical gas. Would not the speaker's gavel calling an obstreperous member to order break the windows within a radius of considerable length?

The distances of the fixed stars from us are so enormous that, as yet, no absolutely reliable means have been found of ascertaining the real magnitudes of those colossal orbs. Still it is to be presumed that some of them, by dint of frequent observations and by applying to them that powerful lever in the hands of the astronomer, spectrum analysis, may be with certainty considered as being at least a certain number of times as great as our sun. To most of us the sun is the very quintessence of what is large, but compared with most fixed stars it becomes small, for were it removed to the distance of the nearest fixed star it would shine with the brilliancy of only a star of the second magnitude.

Sirius, the king among the fixed stars of our firmament, is at least so large that, if it were inhabited by beings similar to men, one of average size would attain to the dazzling height of one and one-half miles—that of a respectable mountain peak. Here we leave it to the imagination of the reader to picture to himself a world peopled with such gigantic beings, compared with whom we poor terrestrial mortals sink into utter insignificance. Still there is one consoling thought, viz., that in a small body there may dwell a large soul and vigorous mind, the one immortal and the other capable of grappling with the abstrusest questions of philosophy and science.

Java's Fire Island.

One of the greatest natural wonders in Java, "the fire island," a large lake of boiling mud, is situated almost in the center of the plains of Grobogana, fifty "paals" to the northeast of Solo. It is almost two miles in circumference, and in the center immense columns of soft, hot mud may be seen continually rising and falling like great black timbers thrust forth and then suddenly withdrawn by a giant's hands. Besides the phenomena of the columns there are two gigantic bubbles near the western edge which fills up like huge balloons and explode on an average of three times per minute.

THAT CLEVER GIRL.

My sweetheart says such clever things—
Her voice so clear the while—
What wonder that the hours have wings,
Sped by her eyes and smile.

But just the cleverest bit she's said—
I know you'll never guess—
Was when she coyly hung her head
And softly murmured "Yes."
—New York World.

VISITED BY WHALES.

A New Jersey Sea Side Resort Has a Sensation.

Two big Arctic whales have visited Cape May's famous beach, creating no little excitement. The leviathans had evidently been following a swarm of food animalculae down the Atlantic coast. They passed by Cold Spring inlet and reached the big trap formed by the Uncle Eph shoal, which, with several smaller hummocks, skirts Cape May's extremity for fully six miles, leaving about half a mile of deep water inclosed. One of the visitors speedily took alarm and retraced its course past Cold Spring inlet and scurried out to sea. It is said to have been the larger of the two, and to have been fully 80 feet in length. Its more greedy companion went ahead, however, and found itself trapped.

The channel of Cape May is intricate and so dangerous that navigation to the iron pier has to be suspended in even ordinary rough weather. His whaleship cruised up and down the barrier for fully 60 hours before it was able to solve the puzzle.

Just before high tide is suddenly turned seaward, and, passing between Uncle Eph shoal and a smaller sand-bar, it reached the broad Atlantic. It spouted tremendously when outside the shoal, a sort of farewell salute to the bipeds ashore. The whales are the first that have visited the vicinity of Cape May in many years, although it was formerly quite a whaling center. The hotel-keepers are chagrined that the present whale season ended so abruptly. Visitors from Philadelphia and elsewhere were beginning to show up just as the last of the whales decided to swim out.

SHE IS M'KINLEY'S IDOL.

How Devoted the Governor Has Been to His Wife.

It is said that the rising sun of the Republican party, William McKinley, like many another man, owes his success in life to his wife. He had the reputation of being rather indolent and unambitious before his marriage, but has been a perfect marvel of industry ever since. That he is ambitious for all honorable preferment in his chosen field of politics is, of course, thoroughly demonstrated. His devotion to his wife is proverbial among those who are familiar with his beautiful home life. Few statesmen ever underwent a greater nerve strain than did Mr. McKinley when as Republican leader of the House he was preparing the famous tariff bill which bears his name. The infinite detail of the committee hearings and

MRS. WILLIAM M'KINLEY.

the arrangement of the minutiae of the schedules were surely enough to have sent an ordinary man home from the capitol at night querulous and weary. But McKinley's strength seems but to begin where most men's ends. Week after week, month after month, while for many hours every day he was passing through this terrible strain of mind and nerves, McKinley left his place as watcher of the people's interests at the capitol only to watch by an invalid wife's bedside at night. Always calm, strong and strength-giving, never yielding to petty annoyances or weariness, he insisted during all this time on taking himself the place by the one he loved which might very well have been delegated to a trained nurse. A friend who knew of this calls it the most beautiful picture of domestic devotion he has ever seen. Mrs. McKinley has for several years been an invalid, but in her assistance to her husband in his political life Mrs. McKinley's achievements have not in any way been restricted by her ill-health. When political honors were first offered Major McKinley his wife did everything in her power to overcome his reluctance to accept them. Believing firmly that his talents and integrity would be of the greatest value to his state, she was able to convince him of his duty, and from that first moment to the present time she has encouraged him by her faith and aided him by her practical advice and assistance.

TAKING HIM DOWN A PEG.

The ministers, who have been away,
Are back, and their flocks are glad,
And the devil isn't having his way to-day
By half as much as he had.
—New York Press.

To Make a Home Out of a Household.

A happy home is the blessing of all mankind. It is the fountain head to which each member of the household should contribute his or her mite of happiness and hope and sunshine. It is easy to establish a household, but to build a home requires a mingling of the best qualities and finer thoughts of the father and mother, brother and sister, alike.

The home is the key note to a man's life and character. Surround the boy with a pure and sweet atmosphere in his home, give him that love and guidance to be found only in this oasis of life, and he goes into the outside world better equipped and guided to do the work before him. The ideal home is the primary school of the girl. It prepares her for the more broadened life to follow, when she shall better see the effect of spending the childhood days in the environments of brightness and contentment.

There must be unanimity of feeling to make a home. The work and efforts of a single sunbeam cannot drive away the heavy clouds of brusqueness and discourteousness. Each member of the household must contribute to the stream of sunlight, and then will the home become a Mecca of perpetual gladness and prosperity.—Boston Budget.

A SERIOUS MENACE TO NORTH-WESTERN FARMERS.

Caused a Loss of Four Millions of Dollars Last Year—Something About the Pest—The Remedy.

L. H. Dewey, assistant botanist of the Agricultural department, acting under orders from Secretary Morton, has left Washington for the Northwest, to make an investigation into the extent of the damage done to the crops in the Northwest during the present year by the Russian thistle. This, though one of the best known, is one of the most dreaded of all weeds, and it is said that it has this year inflicted a loss of over $4,000,000 on the farmers of the United States. Unless speedily checked, it promises to spread over the entire country.

In the fall of 1891 the department received reports from two or three towns in the Dakotas that a new weed was causing much trouble in the wheat fields. Last year complaints came from a wider range, and during the present year the area infested by the weed has more than doubled. The men who sent pieces of the plant for examination said it was commonly called the Russian thistle or Russian cactus, as it was supposed to have been introduced by the Russians. The botanists of the department, upon examining the plant, found that it was a saltwort, and not a true thistle or cactus, but a near relative to the common tumble weed. It is a native of Southern Russia, where it has long been a troublesome weed.

The Russian thistle was introduced into this country about seventeen years ago, in flaxseed brought from Russia and sowed near Scotland, S. D. A few observing people noticed it at that time, but gave it little thought until it became too abundant to be easily checked, says the New York Sun. In May or June the seed germinates and sends up a tender, branching shoot, with narrow succulent leaves. During the warm weather in July and August, when other weeds are less aggressive, this one makes its best growth, and by September has changed from an innocent little seedling to a vigorous spreading weed, two to six feet in diameter and as high, a dense bushy mass of rigid branches offering an effectual barrier to the passage of man or beast. The long, tender leaves have fallen, and at intervals of half an inch or less on the branches are clustered three sharp spines, a quarter to half an inch long. The full-grown plant, shaped like an inverted saucer two to six feet in diameter, all grows from a single root less than half an inch thick. When the ground is frozen in November and the prairie breezes begin to practice for the winter, this small root is twisted off and the whole plant turns up on edge like a cartwheel, and goes off before the wind, scattering seeds at every revolution.

Last year the area infested included the greater part of the land between the James and Missouri rivers in South Dakota, and parts of the two southern tiers of counties in North Dakota, in all about 30,000 square miles, and the damage done exclusively by this weed was estimated at $2,000,000. This year the area has increased very largely, and Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa and Nebraska have been invaded. There is nothing in the nature of the plant to prevent its spreading on the plains as far South as Texas, and, in fact, proving a very serious enemy to farmers in all the dryer regions throughout the entire country.

It takes complete possession of cultivated land, choking out the wheat and other crops. The rigid, bulky plants often make it impossible to run harvesting machinery, and sometimes even stop plows. It is often necessary to bind rather or other protection on the horses' legs before they can be driven among the spiny weeds. Trains have been stopped by the thistle banking upon the tracks. Prairie fires are carried long distances by the burning thistles blowing across fire breaks. In many other ways this terrible weed causes serious damage.

It may be exterminated with comparative ease if vigorous measures are resorted to. The plant is an annual, growing each year from the seed. The seed is short-lived, and if no fresh seed is allowed to re produced for three years, the fight will be over. The war of extermination must extend all over the region, for it will avail but little for a single township, county, or even state to kill the weeds within its borders while they are allowed to grow in the neighboring region. The work of extermination must be general, and it must be thoroughly done.

A movement is now on foot in the Northwest to petition Congress to give the secretary of Agriculture power to institute vigorous measures as was done in the case of pleuro-pneumonia among cattle a few years ago. A judicious expenditure of $2,000,000 would now probably exterminate the thistle. It did damage to that amount last year; this year the loss is twice that sum, and if the weed is allowed to go unchecked there is every probability that the damage will go on increasing in geometrical ratio.

THIS BARON WOULD BE KING.

Millionaire Flagler's Son-in-Law Has a Novel Plan to Get a Crown.

Baron James A. Harden Hickey ought to be a happy man, and he is, if external appearances count for anything. The reason for this is that the baron is going to be a king. His principality is to be the little Island of Trinidad, in the South Atlantic ocean, situated about 700 miles from the coast of Brazil.

The baron is the son-in-law of John H. Flagler, the Standard Oil magnate, having married the latter's

BARON JAMES A. HARDEN HICKEY

daughter Anna about three years ago. Mr. Hickey is of French-Irish extraction.

In 1888 he took passage on a sailing ship for a trip around the world. The ship was driven out of its course and sought shelter under the coast of the island of Trinidad. The baron explored the island, and there conceived the idea of establishing upon it an independent principality.

He proposes, he says, to take possession of the island under a maxim of international law which says that any one may seize and hold waste land that is not claimed by anybody else. Trinidad fills these requirements, for it has not been inhabited for more than a hundred years. None of the great powers lays claim to it. Two or three centuries ago the Portuguese attempted to colonize it, and later the English sought to accomplish the same thing, but both projects were abandoned after a short time. The island is about 25 miles long by three wide, and has abundant vegetation, wild fowls and turtles.

It was the baron's intention to take possession this fall, but he says the revolution in Brazil made necessary a postponement until next spring. Some of his colonists are to come from there, but he does not care to say whether he is to place the island under the Brazilian flag or not.

Baron Hickey lives in New York city. He is a French subject, and a man of wide attainments.

A LIFE FILLED WITH WORK.

Sketch of the Eminent Historian, Dr. Parkman.

Boston, Mass., Nov. 10.—The eminent historian, Dr. Parkman, who died Tuesday, was born in Boston, Mass., September 16, 1823. His father, Francis Parkman, D. D., was pastor of the New North church, and was a noted man in the New England metropolis. The historian was graduated at Harvard in 1844, and almost immediately he began the study of the Indians and their modes of life which served him so well in the labors of his later life. His preparatory work included, besides a long journey across the plains and through the Rocky mountains, the story of which was told in a series of sketches in the Knickerbocker Magazine, a season of travel

FRANCIS PARKMAN.

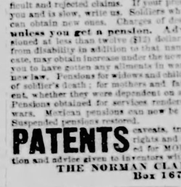
in Europe. Mr. Parkman had studied law after leaving college, but although afflicted with partial blindness, like Prescott, he decided to become a historian. Confining his work to the rich and picturesque field afforded by the discoveries and colonization enterprises of the French in North America, he won fame and popularity. His style is full of charm and his researches in the archives of France were exhaustive and careful. After the "Oregon Trail," the volume of Western travel which embodied the Knickerbocker Magazine sketches and appeared in 1849, Francis Parkman's first work was the "Conspiracy of Pontiac," published in 1851. Then followed "Pioneers of France in the New World" (1865), "The Book of Roses," a work of different nature, appeared in 1866, Jesuits in North America" (1867), "Discovery of the Great West" (1869), "The Old Regime in Canada" (1874), "Count Frontenac and New France under Louis XIV." (1871), and "Montcalm and Wolfe" (1887). Besides the learned and picturesque volumes named Mr. Parkman published numerous magazine articles of a historical nature. His health was never robust, but his industry was persevering, and his labors will ever remain one of the most valuable contributions to "American historical literature.

She Got One.

Matchmaking Mamma—Ethel, why don't you marry Fred Hardcash? Do you want a husband made to order?

Ethel—No, mamma; I want one made to obey.—Truth.

FREE! This Hunting Case, Elgin Style, Gold Filled Watch, worth $25.00 (20-year guarantee accompanies watch) and a Silver Set, in Satin Lined Case, containing 6 Knives and 6 Forks, Sterling Silver, Triple Plated, worth $5.00. Free! Read! Read! We wish to send you 50 5-cent and 50 10-cent best quality CIGARS. In order to extend our business, we will in sample order we will send you, FREE, the Watch and Silver Set, as per cuts and description herein. The 100 Cigars, Watch and Silver Set will be sent to C. O. D. for $8.50. You will be allowed examination of everything before paying one cent. We pay all express charges. Therefore you have all to gain and nothing to lose. When ordering, write plainly your full name, nearest express and P. O. address. State if you desire Ladies' or Gents' Watch.



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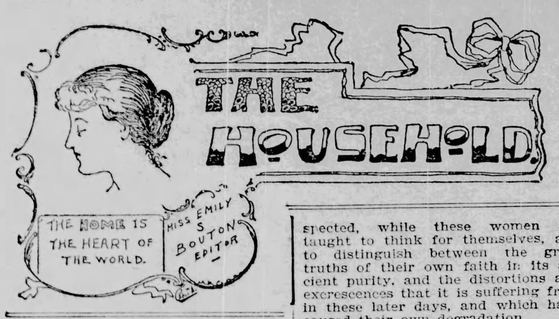


LUCY STONE. 2

When morning dews were on the land,
she saw
A field with weeds o'ergrown; no sun-
light pure
Shone on the soil; she said, "The Master's
law
Is, To the toiler is the harvest sure."

With faith and hope her clear eyes were
alight;
Unheeding she of honors or of gain,
Her true heart only praying that she
might
The tares uproot, and sow some help-
ful grain.

All through the day she wrought, nor
turned aside
When others faltered in the noonday
heat,
And sought the sheltering ways, or
weakly cried,
"I faint! I faint! Oh, weary are my
feet!"

But when the hot winds cool, and kindly
airs
Promise the harvest sure, the field she
leaves;
The gathered glories of her toil she bears,
And lays them down, her many binded
sheaves.

Then to that shore where the great, the
wise,
Immortal workers for their kind abide,
She turned and gazed with sweet, un-
fearing eyes,
Then laid her mantle down and crossed
the tide.

—C. A. M. Webb in Boston Transcript.

HOME TALKS.

A SPLENDID WORK WHICH SHOULD BE CARRIED FORWARD.

The Terrible Condition of Women in Some Parts of India—What the Ramabai Association is Doing.

I have never been in very much sympathy with the cause of foreign missions. When the object is pure and simple proselyting, I think the money and energy would do far more good turned into channels for the practical bettering of the conditions of the ignorant and degraded in our midst. When, however, earnest men and women turn their attention to the uplifting of a people by educating them mentally and morally, the latter through the training of their perceptions of the beauty of the universal, spiritual truths, without reference to any special forms of religious belief, my whole heart goes out in fervent sympathy with their efforts.

I was reading recently a very interesting article about the school for child-widows, established in India by that noble woman, Pundita Ramabai, which comes into the latter class as I understand the object. Of the terrible condition of those poor creatures, suffering as women while still children, shut out from all the joys of life, degraded, forlorn, there can be no manner of doubt. That this condition demands the unselfish labor of all who are interested in the world's betterment, and especially of women everywhere, that it may be changed, none can deny. And because we are far away does not, in this respect, lessen our responsibility, for while we need not go there to work personally, what is far better can be done—the means may be furnished to carry on the school in which, through education, these child-widows are emancipated from the bonds of superstition, lifted out of degradation, to become the intelligent teachers of others as wretched as themselves.

Five years ago when the Ramabai association was formed in Boston, with Edward Everett Hale and Phillips Brooks at its head, enthusiasm in many places was at white heat. Circles were formed for the purpose of supporting the school to be opened by the Pundita with the pledge that such support should be given for ten years, when it was hoped that its influence would have grown and strengthened to such an extent that the help would no longer be needed. The time is only half expired, the need is not yet over, and the women of the United States, holding fast to the thought of the sacredness of womanhood everywhere, must not, in justice to themselves, allow their efforts to flag or to die away.

To go back a little. The association was formed, as all know, through the representations of a noble Hindu woman, who, herself well educated, was moved to pity for her sister women who had nothing but misery for their portion. Her father was a Brahman priest of high mental developments, who "believed in the elevation of womankind;" her mother was a woman of superior cultivation, having studied with her husband, whom she married at an advanced age for Indian women, she being fully sixteen. Both were fine Sanskrit scholars, and this perhaps explains the great talent for language which the Pundita possesses. "From early childhood," says a recent writer, "Pundita Ramabai was secretly instructed in the truths and realism of life—it being contrary to the practice of the Hindus to allow females even the most limited education. She displayed a wonderful thirst for knowledge, and upon the death of her parents, which took place just as she was approaching womanhood, Ramabai resolved to continue her studies and determined to devote her life to the mission of elevating and relieving the suffering members of her sex. Contrary to the custom of her caste she took a husband of her own free choice and has been for years earnestly laboring to help the women of her native land."

She visited England and then came to this country, everywhere passionately appealing for help, and the response was ready. Her eloquence was that of the heart, and for that reason it carried her hearers with her. The result was, as I said before, the formation of the Ramabai association, with its far-reaching work.

Returning home all unknowing what her reception might be, she found friends among those people who could best help her project forward. Here again was the result of her earnestness and simple but magnetic speech. Finally the school was established at Bombay, under the title of Sharada Sadana, and it has gone forward with good results to the present. A permanent home has been created recently at Poona, and there are gathered as many of the child-widows as can be received, who are allowed to have to be educated for a happy and useful future.

It was a wise foresight that led to the founding of this school upon utilitarian and humanitarian grounds, rather than upon religious. This was the understanding in the beginning, and this is the line upon which it has been carried forward. Thus the religious ideas of the people are respected, while these women are taught to think for themselves, and to distinguish between the great truths of their own faith in its ancient purity, and the distortions and excrescences that it is suffering from in these later days, and which have caused their own degradation.

In speaking of this, I am reminded of the address upon "The Women of India," lately delivered in the Unity church of Chicago, by Mr. Nargakar, of the Brahmo-Somaj of that country. He said that while there are no definite historical records of the position of women in the distant past, religious and dramatic writings and popular works of fiction show that the women of ancient India occupied a much higher and more independent position than they do in the present degenerate race. "Until centuries after Vedic times," he says, "women were equal with men and equally independent. They were then under no religious obligation to marry. They often remained in the ancestral home, received their share of the property and became accomplished in literature, metaphysics and poetry. At great assemblies women sometimes debated with scholars abstruse points of religion and philosophy. * * * Woman was honored and respected in her position as daughter, wife, and mother, from the earliest dawn of the Ayran age to the Puranic era. In the twelfth century the Mohammedans invaded India and brought it under their savage and fanatical rule. Whatever the Moslem influence may have been outside of India, in India it was ruinous to much that was good and great in Hinduism."

He declared that it was fear of the Moslem that led to the seclusion of women, and then to child-marriages, and he traces to Moslem tyranny the whole lowering of the status of woman.

Whatever the cause, and all students of the ancient religion know that it could not have proceeded from its influence, the present degradation of Indian womankind is what is now to be dealt with. It must be dealt with, he says, entirely by education, and his judgment, which is that of one of the intelligent heads of the reform movement in India, is in accord with the judgment of the Ramabai association.

There is no occasion to fear that this work will lose its interest to the women of the United States, but it is well to occasionally recall again the terrible need, to remind ourselves that this duty of helping our sisters beyond the sea to rescue their womanhood from its degradation is not yet done.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

HOUSEHOLD CHAT.

Some Hints and Suggestions for Every Day Life.

What is a "friendship drape?" asks a correspondent. It is one of the fads taken up by the young ladies during the past season, and makes a very pretty present for a number of ladies to give to one of their number. Each person who assists in making it, donates one-half yard of No. 7 ribbon of any color, writing their name on the back of it. These ribbons are then fastened together with fancy embroidery stitches, the end of each ribbon is turned to a point and finished with a fancy ornament of chenille, or lace is sewn across the bottom of the drape. Sometimes the ribbons are arranged fan fashion, and the ribbon may be of any length, or width, as the generosity or taste of the donors may choose.

Chamois underwaists are much worn now by ladies who object to very large or heavy outside wraps. These are impervious to the cold, and are a great addition to the dress of one who has to be out of doors much in winter, but should not be worn in the house, and for any wear they should be well ventilated by small holes cut in the material. A very pretty one belonging to the trousseau of one of this season's brides, had a yoke simulated by tiny holes made in a pattern in the chamois, through which the white underwaist showed.

Speaking of chamois, there is no end to the articles, both useful and fancy, that can be made of it for Christmas gifts. For a cover for a small table, cut the chamois to fit smoothly, and fasten around the edge with small, brass-headed tacks. From the scraps of the chamois, cut butterflies of different sizes, paint or embroider the colors, and use them for decorations for the edge of the table, or in any other place you wish.

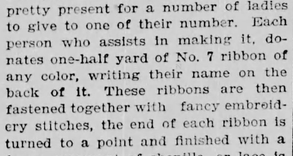
Pen-wipers, spectacle wipers, blotting and shaving paper covers and innumerable other things can be made of small pieces, with the help of some scraps of bright colored silks and cloth, and ingenuity enough to combine them. One of the loveliest of book covers was made of a very pale buff colored chamois decorated with a spray of autumn leaves done in shaded browns. The skin was fastened perfectly smooth over the book cover, and the inside edges concealed by a piece of brown watered silk pasted over it. Then the outside decoration of brown with a touch of gold here and there, made the book a thing of beauty. Such a cover could be placed over a soiled or torn book-cover by first pasting strips of paper or linen over the broken places.

THINGS PRETTY AND USEFUL

For the Household to Make for the Coming Holidays.

Basket for Teaspoons.

Since there is such a craze for a variety of handsome teaspoons, a tasteful basket to keep them in is quite essential. One crocheted as follows is described in the Delineator, and is quite pretty. This basket itself is made of wire, and one suitable for the purpose may be purchased



at almost any house-furnishing store. The dimensions of the one illustrated, 7 1-2 inches long, 3 3-4 inches deep and 2 3-4 inches wide; feet 2 1-4 inches high.

The frame work is covered with cross-treble crochet, which is made as follows:

Make a chain as long as desired. Throw the thread over the hook twice, take up the second chain stitch back of the hook, on which there will now be four stiches; throw the thread over and draw through two stitches; throw it over again and take up the second chain stitch beyond the one first taken up. Five stitches will now be on the hook. Put the thread over and draw through two of them, over again and through two more, over again and through two more, over again and through the last two. Now make one chain and a double crochet in the two loops at the junction of the stiches. Begin the next cross the same as the first, thus: Throw the thread over twice and take up the second chain stitch from the last one taken up and repeat all the other details just given.

From the bottom of the basket illustrated five rows of cross-trebles made on a foundation of 66 stitches will be needed. The sides are made of the same number of rows on a foundation of 176 stitches. When the crochet work has been stretched on the basket, it is stiffened with glue, and when it is perfectly dry it and the framework and handles are brushed over with gold, bronze or silver varnish. The basket is lined with wadded silk or satin, and is finished with a ruching and bows of ribbon. The work is done with coarse cotton or fine macrame cord may be used.

Baby Carriage Band.

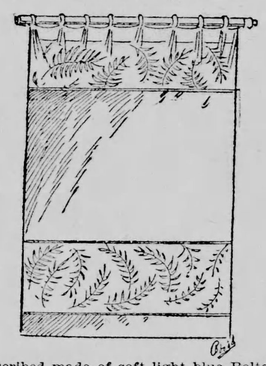
A lovely band, with which to tie Master Baby in his chair or when he is taken out in his carriage, is of heavy white ribbon, two and one-half inches wide, and fourteen inches long. This is powdered with some small blossoms wrought in silks in natural colors—rose-buds, buttercups, daisies, or forget-me-nots; it is then lined with satin of the same color as the flower used, and interlined with Canton flannel or several pieces of stiff muslin to give body to the band. A full rosette of narrow white ribbon is placed at either end, also two pieces of similar ribbon, each about three-quarters of a yard long, fastened side by side, with which the band is tied to the chair or carriage.

Spatter Work Decorations.

Almost everybody has, some time or another, been interested in doing spatter work, because it is so easy, and at the same time, so effective. It is hardly necessary to describe the process, but of course a fine-toothed comb and a soft tooth brush are necessary.

Then there are the patterns to be collected, and these come from the forests. Beautiful fern leaves, sprays of oak, anything which can be laid on the material gracefully will be excellent.

A very handsome portiere was de-

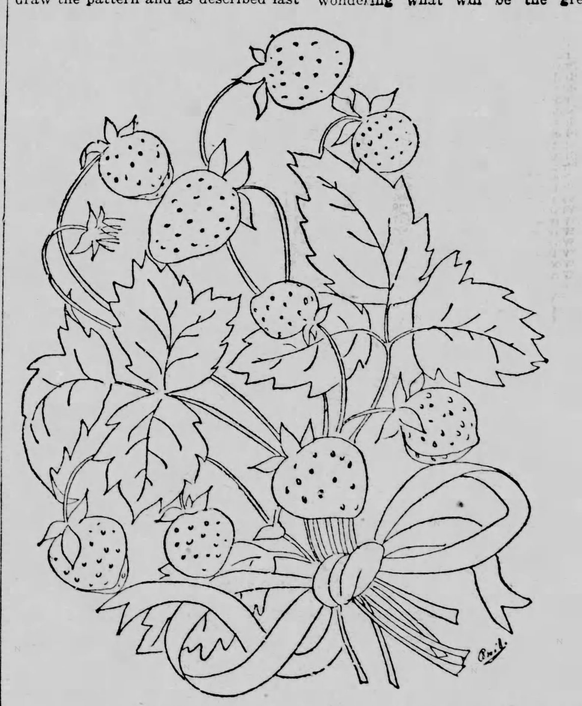


scribed made of soft light blue Bolton sheeting. A broad band of the same shade of blue velvet goes across the bottom. Upon this is a pattern done in fern leaves spattered in a deeper blue. A narrower band was placed across the upper part, done in the same way. Oak leaves could be used instead of the ferns or any other pretty pattern.

Spatter work could be used in making table covers. Very effective is one of chamois skin with the pattern of oak leaves and the spattering done with silver.

Table Mat.

Get a square of linen, sides ten inches long, and either fringe them, or what is better, put on an inch hem and hemstitch them around. Then draw the pattern and as described last



week, put the lace under it. Buttonhole stitch all around except the stems, which are to be worked in a heavy satin stitch. Use white silk and make the dashes in the strawberries with single stitches. Cut out the cloth around the leaves, etc., leaving the lace to show.

Some Pretty Things to Make.

To make a pretty hat-rack, get a board two feet square; cut out an opening in the center to hold a square mirror; bevel the outside and inside edges of the board; cover with plush, or stain it walnut or cherry color, and varnish. Get four pieces of cork (or wood will do) large enough to completely fill the large end of the horn, when it is pushed in. Put a screw through this, and glue it fast to the horn, in such a way that the head of the screw will be inside. Fasten a horn in each corner of the hat rack, by working the screw into the wood.

To make a pin cushion, fasten a horn to a block covered with plush, at about the middle of the convex side. Fill with sand, filings or meal, and cover with cloth.

To make an inkstand, fasten the horn in the same way as for a pin cushion. Insert a bottle in the large end of the horn, and fill the remaining space with plaster of Paris mixed with water.

For a footstool, get four horns, the same size and shape. Have a board an inch thick, and any size you wish for the top. Saw a triangular piece off of each corner, or make them rounding. Place several thicknesses of old comfort over the top, and cover with carpet, plush or other goods. Fasten one horn at each corner with screws. These are for the legs. Finish the top around the edge with a pretty fringe, fastened with brass-headed tacks.

I thank the editor and many others who have spoken so kindly of me. A minister's wife learns many lessons in economy, and if my advice is worth anything to others, I shall be glad to give it.—Mary.

WEEKLY EXCHANGE OF THOUGHT

Some Breezy Letters From Thoughtful Women.

If This is So, Why is It So?

I wish to ask, in all sincerity, that the sisters of the Household give their opinions on one or two questions concerning their sex, which have been especially suggested to me by the many eulogies of the late woman's rights leader. If women are to advance still further, and claim political equality with men, they should have, at least, an equally good understanding of matters relating to the government of their own state and county. This is not the case at present, and I find the women of my acquaintance, and if I may judge from women's papers and magazines, the majority of women, choosing to spend their spare moments in fancy-work of one sort or another, where a man of equal intelligence would read the newspaper.

Now, ladies, I wish to ask, why do you do this? Is it a part of the feminine nature? Is it a habit long since acquired and inherited? Is it regarded as a duty to trim your chairs with embroidered tidies and protect your shelves with crocheted lambrequins? Or do you really like to do it? Your answer to this may help to the understanding of larger matters. If all these countless little femininities have been acquired in the lack of obligation to attend to public matters, well and good; the habit may be conquered, though it seems almost unfair to the other sex that you should have been endowed with the same capacities as they and with so many additional tastes which they fail to share.

But if, on the other hand, a kind Providence has designed a certain portion of your brain to be devoted to love of the beautiful (the femininely beautiful, that is) in dress and needlework, and has left out certain other longings and capacities, why, in that case, ladies, it will be rather hard to change matters, will it not?

I have taken so much space that my other question must wait. But pray, answer me just this: why, when you are not posted on current events, do you persist in embroidery and painting and making so many useless articles which are often a weariness to masculine eyes, and the thought of making which would drive a man to a lunatic asylum?—M. E.

Hope Her Home Will be Pleasant.

I like Country Teacher's suggestion. I have never read "David Copperfield," except a few extracts in other books, but I have read "Little Dorrit," by Dickens, and I think it a very dull and tiresome book, too dull for us American people who make every day count. Has "C. T." ever read the "Scottish Chiefs?" I think that very interesting.

I am going to housekeeping in the spring, God willing. Now, dear readers, do not think I am in my honeymoon. I have been married for years, but have always rented. We will go in a home of our own is what I mean. I have to be saving. I have made some very nice things out of mere nothing. I will tell you about them in the Household, if the editor will receive them.—Mountain Rill.

We shall be glad to learn about those things you have made. It may help some other one who is just beginning.—Ed.

She Admired Nature's Works More.

I wonder if the other members of the Household were as sorry as I when Miss Bouton's series of World's Fair talks came to an end? My visit to the World's Fair occupied two days; but no amount of reading could have broadened my mind and changed the current of my thoughts as these two days in Chicago did.

That which I enjoyed most keenly, and what remains most permanently in my mind, was my first view of Lake Michigan. I had never seen so large a body of water before, and its grandeur was so in keeping with the colossal buildings and the fair generally.

My next prized memory was Electricity building and the electrical fountains. No other World's Fair, nor anything before this present time, could have been what this has, with the aid of electricity. I cannot help wondering what will be the great attraction 25 years from now. The Midway (excepting the Ferris wheel) was tiresome after the refining influences of the fair proper.

"Laura Golden," I agree with you and "Country Teacher" about "David Copperfield," and I also like best "A Tale of Two Cities." I think it is mostly education that creates the desire to read, and I know from experience that farmers' wives in some communities are much more intelligent than in others. Of course, some children inherit their brains, and have a natural thirst for knowledge, and when such a mind is fostered by a bright, intelligent parent, we have as a product a bright particular star. Do any of our members stop to think what the third generation from this will be like? Our educational advantages are such as to almost wipe out illiteracy, in that length of time; and methinks when a man (or woman) goes to vote he can write his name, and will know why he votes as he does. Speed the day. I wish Miss Bouton could realize how much her writings help me in my life-work. Jean Hunt and Mary are very helpful in their talks, also.—Thirty-Four.

THE QUESTION BOX.

If You Wish for Information Ask for It.

Mrs. M. E. M.—We cannot give addresses for private correspondence in this column. An advertisement in The Saturday's Blade will cost you very little, and will doubtless bring you much more satisfactory answers than if the inquiry was given in the Household. It is a very kind thought of yours, and the editor hopes you may succeed.

I. M. Z.—Have you not read in the answers in this department that we cannot accept contributions unless the writer gives her name? Your article is very good, and we will keep it for a short time, if you wish to send your name.—Ed.

Inquiries.

Will some one tell me if there is anything that will restore the color to a bookbinding which has become faded by water being spilled on it? I have two books, one cardinal red, the other dark brown, which I very much wish to renew.—Lucrece.

Will some one tell me what will remove superfluous hair from the face, and also a cure for pimples.—Gypsy.

Will some one who understands about the silver bill please explain in as concise a manner as possible what it means, and how it affects business? This for the benefit of the ignorant women, like myself, who read the long newspaper articles until they know less and less on the subject.—Most Ignorant.

How many would like me to give a workingman's bill of fare for six persons, at a cost of $6.50 per week?—Thirty-Four.

(The editor thinks that very many would like it.)

Answers.

Housekeeper:—To polish horns, first boil them a few minutes in water that contains 10 per cent of lye. This will soften them. Fit the horn on a stick large enough to fill it. Bore holes in the largest part of the horn, and fasten it to the wood with screws. Now fasten the lower part of the stick in a vise, or nail it to a work-bench, to hold it steady while working. Cut off the roughest part of the horns with a rasp; then file and sandpaper them. After this process they are made smoother by rubbing with pumice-stone. Now polish them. Mix ten parts of yellow beeswax and one part of turpentine, by melting the wax and stirring the turpentine in. Dip a flannel rag in this mixture and rub the horns until they are smooth and glossy. A large horn may be smoothed and polished in this way in an hour.—Mary.

"A Subscriber:"—It would be impossible to tell how many beads you would need for your cornstalk portiere, unless you give the size. You can easily find out by seeing how many you would require in one strand, and then find out how many strands you need in width. They should be placed close enough together to just touch. The beads are china, and are about half an inch in diameter, and any large dry goods house ought to be able to furnish them. It would not be possible to give a working design, unless it was done in colors. If you had sent your address it might have been that I could have sent you a pattern. Use any colors of dye you prefer, but the natural color, with several shades of brown and yellow, will look very handsome.

"A Reader:"—You could "dry dye" your rusty jacket by dissolving one package of slate dye in a scant cupful of hot water. Carefully clean and dampen the surface of the cloth with warm water, and while yet damp, go over the goods with the dye, using a sponge or swab of soft cloth. If your jacket is unlined, it will be more satisfactory to dye it the usual way. Unless it is lined, it will not require ripping up. I suspect the goods is part cotton. If so the only dye that will give it a glossy fresh look will be fast black for cotton. If it is wool goods and only sun faded, black dye for wool will do. In either case it must be well rinsed and scoured with soap suds, so as not to crock. The jacket must be carefully pressed while yet damp. Do not wring it, but place directly upon the line from the rinse water, pulling into shape. In pressing, place a dark cloth over the goods to receive the print of the iron. —Jean Hunt.

THE KITCHEN DEPARTMENT.

Some Ways of Being Comfortable Three Times a Day.

The Household cook is feeling this week, as if she had been very nicely remembered by some of the housekeepers, and for their recipes she is very much obliged. Mary proves to us that all of the duties of a perfect housekeeper and home maker, are equally familiar to her, and "Ohio" sends directions for making baking powder at home and thus saving during the year, as she says, "enough to pay for several subscriptions to The Blade." We hope to hear from others soon.

Baking Powder.

For 1 lb.—4 ozs. of baking soda; 3 ozs. of tartaric acid; 1 pt. of sifted flour; mix all together and run several times through a flour sieve. Keep in a tin box that has a close fitting lid. This recipe, when made of fresh and pure material, is equal to the best. I have used it for over ten years. My druggist charges me 17 cents for the material.

Macaroni and Cheese.

Put 3 pts. of water in a stew-pan; when boiling, put in 3-4 of a pt. of macaroni, broken in small pieces and let it boil fast for 1-2 hr. When tender dip out 1-2 of it and put in a quart bowl; cover with very thin slices of cheese, or grated cheese; then the rest of the macaroni and another layer of cheese. Place the bowl in a stewpan filled with water, cover bowl with plate and let the water boil for 10 minutes and serve very hot. This makes a nice addition to a supper when "bread and butter and sauce" does not seem quite enough.—Ohio.

Potato Pancakes.

To 4 qts. of grated, raw potatoes add 3 eggs and 2 teaspoonfuls of salt; a little pepper and a heaping tablespoonful of flour to each qt. of potatoes. Put plenty of grease on the griddle and cook like other pancakes.

Croquettes.

Take cold fowl or fresh meat of any kind, with slices of ham. Chop together very fine, add half as much stale bread grated, some salt and pepper, a tablespoonful of made mustard, a tablespoonful of catsup, and a lump of butter. Knead all together until it resembles sausage meat. Make up in cakes or balls, dip in beaten yolks of eggs, cover with bread or cracker crumbs and fry a light brown.—Mary.

To the Merry-Go-Rounds.

Our young folks pleasan chatty letters are unavoidably postponed until next week. The editor does not mean it shall happen again.

Games for Thanksgiving.

You all have tried pinning on the donkey's tail. A game very like it and appropriate for the day is called the "Headless Turkey."

A figure of a large turkey, minus a head, is drawn in charcoal or cut from dark-colored cambric and fastened on a sheet, which is tightly stretched against a wall. To each member of the company is given a pin and a turkey's head cut out of cambric, which, if rightly placed, will fit the turkey's neck. Then, one at a time, the players are blindfolded and placed at the end of the room opposite the sheet. After turning them around three times one way and three times the other they are started off that they may search for the turkey and pin the head where they suppose it belongs. He must pin it to the spot where he first touches. To the person who comes nearest placing the head in its proper position a prize is given, and to the one who makes the least successful effort is presented a turkey feather, which he must wear the rest of the evening.

Impromptu tableaux are also suggested as pleasant Thanksgiving diversions, and to these you may call in the older members of the family if you like, though I know families where the parents and grown-up sisters engage in the children's plays very often and add greatly to their pleasure. When two rooms are connected by folding doors a whole room may be used as a stage, and no curtains are needed, as the doors answer very well in their place. When there are no double doors one end of a room may be curtained off with sheets or any kind of drapery hung from a rope stretched from the sides of opposite doors or windows. Pumpkin lanterns set in a row along the floor make an amusing substitute for footlights, and will decorate the stage appropriately, besides being perfectly safe. To make a pumpkin lantern, cut a hole in one side large enough to pass a candle on a small candlestick through. Remove the seed, etc., from the inside; scrape the other side very thin, so the light will shine through; light your candle and put it in. The open side must be next the stage, else the light will shine out from instead of on to the stage.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Sir Edward Strachey, in his paper on "Love and Marriage" in the September Atlantic, says:

Yet, depend upon it, as you grow older you will see more and more instances and proofs of the reality and the depth of the love of husbands and wives for each other in the most ordinary, commonplace couples. I have heard of marriages where love has died out from some canker of selfishness or worldliness at its heart; but I have oftener seen unexpected proofs of a love stronger than death in all sorts of people in whom I had never before discovered any signs of sentiment or romance.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

MRS. MARGARET O. W. OLIPHANT AND HER WORKS.

Her Versatility as a Writer, and Her Wonderful Power of Accomplishment—Her Early Life.

X.

I do not now recall a more prolific and versatile writer than Mrs. M. O. W. Oliphant. Her fame, it is true, was won more as a novelist than from her work in any other style of literature, but she is equally at home in the biographical and historical field. Her plots are not startling or especially novel, but she creates the most delightful characters and makes them so real that they become a part of our social circle, so to speak, and sometimes enter into our inner lives to an extent we can hardly realize.

It is the same quality in her writing, that of a sympathetic imagination which makes people so real to herself, that renders her biographies and histories so charming. We see

the actors as living persons before us, and wonder as to their motives, and their future after the fashion of our every day life. As a consequence her biographies are really more symmetrical and satisfactory than her novels, popular as the latter are.

Margaret Oliphant Wilson, as her maiden name ran, was born at Wallyford in Midlothian, England, in 1828, consequently she is now drawing somewhere near the three score and ten years allotted to man, but a period which she, if retaining the physical and mental vigor that she now possesses, will be likely to pass. Her first work of fiction was a novel called "Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland, of Sunnyside," which was published before she was 21 years old. This was very successful and she was encouraged to write more, with the consequence of a three-volume novel each year, all of which are noted for their keen delineation of country life and character, and abounding humor. One of the peculiarities of her books is the entire absence from them of the criminal classes, whether of high or low degree, and they are consequently free from morbid sensationalism of all kinds.

Occasionally she has given rein to her tendency to mysticism in such books as "A Little Pilgrim in the Unseen" and "Old Lady Mary," both of which, beautiful in thought and expression, convey to the thoughtful reader a lesson for life government. Her memoir of her kinsman Laurence Oliphant is a most careful piece of work; so to "The Victorian Age of English Literature." Others which are especially good are "Makers of Florence," and the "Makers of Venice." Of her novels numbering between forty and fifty, it is impossible to give a list here, but most people have read one or more of them.

Mrs. Oliphant's accomplishment of literary labor is something remarkable, even had her life currents flowed smoothly onward, but in the light of the fact that she has borne great sorrows, and accepted heavy responsibilities with all cheerfulness, it becomes truly wonderful. That her life has been so darkly shadowed renders her more interesting to those who know her only through her books.

Her home is now at Windsor not far away from the royal castle. In 1890 occurred the death of her son Francis Oliphant, which brought to her a letter of sympathy from the queen herself, a circumstance showing how the beauty and bravery of her life have impressed itself upon her own people.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

JANEY PETTIBONE.

Janey Pettibone's the best
Little girl I've met
In this town—and lives nex' door
Up-stairs over their old store.

Little Janey Pettibone
An' her ma lives all alone—
'Cause her pa broke up, an' run
Died 'cause they ain't rich again.

Little Janey's ma she sews
For my ma sometimes an' goes
An' give music lessons, where
People's got planners there.

But when Janey Pettibone
Grows an' grows like I'm a growin',
Now I'm going to keep a store
An' sell things—an' sell some more—

Till I'm 1st as rich!—An' nen
Her ma can be rich again—
If I'm rich enough to own
Little Janey Pettibone!
—James Whitcomb Riley.

"IT TAKES TWO TO QUARREL."

"It takes two to quarrel." So said a mischievous-looking little urchin to his big brother, aged 9, who, being in rather a bad humor, had been trying for the last fifteen minutes to find some cause for a quarrel with Jimmy. The truth is, Jimmy wasn't responsible for this remark—he had heard his mamma say it one day, and now it came back in its full force. Jimmy was a good-natured little boy, and it rather amused him than otherwise to see his big brother cross.

A little black kitten was lying curled up in Jimmy's hat on the floor in the corner of the room. Now this was Jimmy's kitten, and anything that Jimmy said was to her the essence of wisdom. "It takes two to quarrel,' that so," said kitty to herself, "I'll try that some day." So she thought about it every time she woke. But she knew there was no one in the house to quarrel with, so she made up her mind she'd go on a journey. All night she thought about it, and the next morning she started off. She had gone a few doors only when she saw before one of the houses a saucer of milk. This reminded her that she hadn't had any breakfast, for, in her hurry, she had quite forgotten that. So she quietly walked up and began lapping the milk. "Bow, wow-wow," sounded an angry bark at her side. Pussy jumped up and, with her natural instinct, puffed up her back and spitefully said, "S-s-s!" For there stood a great black dog, looking fiercely at her with his terrible eyes. "I should like to know what you're doing with my milk," he said. Pussy half raised her little black paw to give him a spiteful box on the ear, but she remembered what Jimmy had said, and rejoined in her sweetest purr, "Good Mr. Dog, I didn't know it was your milk." "Didn't know it was my milk! I should like to know why not! I thought everybody knew this was my house. Everything here belongs to me, I'd have you to know."

"Oh, really, sir, forgive me, but you know you are not quite so illustrious a person," she stopped at the look in his eyes—"that is, I mean—well you know of course, everybody wouldn't know you—well, anyway, I don't know how it happens, I never heard of you before."

"Never heard of me before! I should like to know where you have been all your life. You're not used to polite society, evidently."

"If you please, sir, I'd have you know," began Miss Puss disdainfully—then she remembered. "Do you not know Mr. Rich's family, Mr. Dog? I belong to them."

"Humph, never heard of them in my life! I belong to the Hon. So-and-So—no, I don't belong to him either. I just deign to reside with him. And I'd have you know that my name isn't Dog, either, you common cat—it's Mr. Canine Quadruped."

"But really, Mr. Dog—I mean Mr. Canine,"—the dog, with a low growl, rushed toward her. With one bound Puss reached the top of the garden wall and stood with arched back and flashing eyes, looking down at her enemy. But he could do nothing but growl and try in vain to jump up. So, soon, with a sense of security, her presence of mind began to return. The dog couldn't reach her. She

wasn't far from home. Jimmy would miss her soon and wouldn't need to go far to find her. Besides, even a dog would grow tired after a while. So, she seated herself calmly upon the fence-top, and, although her little heart palpitated rather fast, she didn't look frightened. "It takes two to quarrel," thought she, and to all the fierce barks of her assailant, she maintained a dignified silence. Perched upon the fence-top, she looked calmly down in a way that said, "I can stand it as long as you can."

Presently the dog gave up the attempt and left. As soon as he was out of sight, Pussy jumped down and continued her journey.

A horse was standing in front of a store, waiting for his master—a fine handsome horse he was. "Oh, you insignificant creature," he said, "I'd like to know what you're good for—you're only a cat." Kitty felt all the pride of her injured race rising to her tongue, but, "it takes two to quarrel," thought she, and passed on.

"Pussy, pussy," called a little boy, running toward her. Kitty thought, "He isn't much bigger than Jimmy—he won't hurt any one." But when he got hold of Kitty his tone changed. Did you think I was going to pet you, you little goosie?" said he; "nothing of the kind." Thought the aggrieved Pussy, "It takes two to quarrel." But suddenly she felt herself enveloped in total darkness in a bag. Then, poor innocent little Kitty though she was, she remembered what she had heard in days gone by, how innocent kittens were sometimes captured, put in bags and taken to some building, where they came to an untimely end. And when they talked of such things, Jimmy would say, "We'll never let them have Kitty Clover, will we, papa?" And papa always said "No."

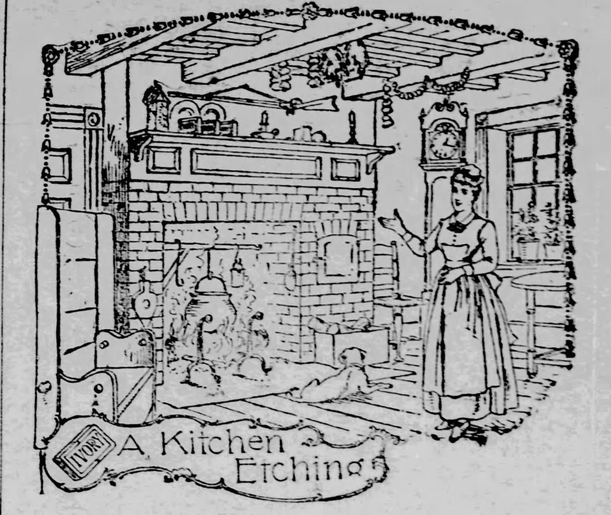
Sad were Kitty's thoughts for a moment, until the boy saw some one he knew. Of course, he forgot that he hadn't tied the bag; so down he threw it and ran off. Pussy felt her way out and made good her escape to a secure nook on the other side of the street. When the boy came back, of course he scolded away, but Pussy, in the distance, washed her face and purred calmly, "It takes two to quarrel."

Five minutes later, a little furry form was rubbing itself against the window of Jimmy's home. A moment later, the window was raised and Pussy was in Jimmy's arms. As she rubbed herself against his little chubby hands, she thought, "I shall never try that experiment again."—Youth's Journal.

PLEASANT GAMES FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

A Quotation Party.—When the guests are seated, the hostess takes from a bag or basket a slip of paper on which is written a quotation, and reads it aloud. The guest to her right is given one minute in which to give the name of the author. If she fails, the next one tries, and so on until the correct answer is given. The one giving proper answer is the next one to draw from the basket. This game can be played with or without prizes. In the case of a prize being given, the most appropriate gift is a book written by a standard author, or one of familiar quotations.

A Peanut Party.—This makes great sport, is good for home entertainment or country hotel. A large quantity of peanuts is needed. It is better to roll severally a hundred or more in violet-colored tissue paper. Then twist canary-colored tissue-paper around



How clean and neat,
How fresh and sweet
The kitchen looks,—a charming retreat
Where one might sit
And weave a bit
Of homely rhyme, describing it.

Had I the skill
To make, at will,
A picture of the place, I'd fill
The sketch with hint
Of tone and tint
From the deft housewife's magic mint.

Of neatness, and,
With cunning hand,
I'd draw those "Ivory" cubes that stand
On yonder shelf,
Among the delf,
Each one a treasure in itself!

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bunches of three or four together. Before the guests arrive, the peanuts must be well-hidden, but in such places that they can be readily found—behind pictures or easy chairs or among the cushions, etc., etc. After the company is assembled, give each individual a silk bag matching the colors of the tissue-paper. The one whose bag is first-filled receives the first prize; the one who has the most violet-colored nuts the second; and he who has the most canary-covered peanuts has the "booby" prize. This game may be varied to suit taste and circumstances. It is always a frolic, and may be followed with old-fashioned favorites, such as "Blind Man's Buff," "Oats, Peas, Beans," "Turning the Platter," singing of college songs, or dancing.

Ring Games are a delight to little people. The prettiest and most acceptable way to play, generally, is to have an evergreen tree standing securely, after the order of Christmas trees. On the tree have a few inexpensive favors suitable for children, and give them to the little people at various times during the evening, at the close of certain games. Around the tree let them skip and sing, "Ring, a ring, a rosy," and "High diddle, diddle, the cat's in the fiddle, the cow jumped over the moon," and various other Mother Goose rhymes. The children will take care of the games, but the hostess must always be ready in case of need. Calisthenic exercises are always pretty at such times, and a few simple ones will often give character to an entire evening.

OUR WONDER COLUMN.

1.—WHO WAS HE?

He was born 470 years before Christ, and was the most celebrated philosopher of ancient times. The purity of his doctrines, and his independence of character, rendered him popular with the most enlightened Athenians, though they also created for him many enemies, by whom he was falsely accused, arraigned, and condemned to drink hemlock, the juice of a poisonous plant. With cheerfulness he continued to instruct his pupils and the ardent friends who attended him, particularly urging the doctrine of the soul's immortality, till the moment of his death. When the hour to drink the poison had come, the executioner, with tears in his eyes, handed him the cup, which he received with composure, drank with an unaltered countenance, and in a few moments expired. "CAPT. JINKS."

2.—WORD SQUARE.

O O O O	My first signifies cargo.
O O O O	My second is a boy's name.
O O O O	My third is the smallest
O O O O	particle of matter.

My fourth is an arched roof. "BUB."

3.—PROVERB PI.

Make six proverbs from the following sentences:

Kittens catch no mice.
To stitch nine mittens in a long lane, never saves time.
Die not in a want.
A word that has no turning is sufficient.
It's the wise wast not wants.
"MULTANOMAH."

4.—ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

To seven times a number add 13, and from the sum subtract nine times the number, obtaining for a result 194. What is the number? JEZZIE OTTERSON.

5.—PROGRESSIVE ENIGMA.

1-2-3-4 means "to understand."
2-3-4 is the present time.
3-4-5-6-7 is a large boisterous bird.
4-5-6-7 means "guided."
5-6-7-8-9 is a ridge.
6-7-8-9 is the sharp side of anything.
7-8-9-4-5-6-7-8-9 is a great perception, and something to strive for.
"G. T. M."

6.—QUERY.

What and where is the Mammoth Cave?
"THE SCHOOL MISTRESS."

Answers to Puzzles November 9.

1. Rebus—Charles Dickens, Bodies—"Bombay and Sun," "David Pinner," "Christmas Books," "Tale of Two Cities," "David Copperfield," "Great Expectations," "Oliver Twist," "Pickwick Papers."

2. Chimney Corner. Words—Hen, men, once, cry, an.

3. Carson.

4. Nathaniel Hawthorne. Words—North, arena, throw, heart, apish, narrow, idiot, ecstasy.

5. O-live, angle, a-corn, jam, March, yard.

Chat.

"Lorene:"—Choose a character and costume and send description to Toledo Blade, Toledo, Ohio, for Masquerade." If you write at once it will reach us in time, though I should have had all letters by the 23d. We can not explain more fully until after the event has taken place. Thanks for your name.

"Josefe:"—We are so glad you have such a good opinion of "O. W. C." and assure you that any one who can make or solve a puzzle is qualified to be a member. Your answers were all correct. So you are "one of us," and we hope you will come often.

"Pauline:"—You are very welcome, and if you write at once you will not be too late for the Masquerade. Thanks for your appreciation of O. W. C.

"Ned" and "Capt. Jinks" say there was a mistake in Puzzle No. 2 of November 9. Without doubt there was, the fault of the printer; we couldn't have made a mistake, you know. However, your solutions were correct. So it did not matter greatly.

"Sol:"—It was refreshing to see your signature once more; we shall save it as a "curio;" you write so seldom nowadays.

"I. F. R.:"—We are glad the "Mesmerale" has led you into O. W. C., and shall hope to keep you there.

Correct solutions to Puz

News of the Week.

The Blade is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give, first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

GENERAL.

WHAT BRAZIL HAS BEEN DOING IN NEW YORK.

Steamers Which Have Been Purchased and Something of Their Movements—A Formidable Fleet.

New York, Nov. 17.—Now that the first one of the steamers purchased in the United States by the Brazilian government for conversion into armed cruisers has had her alterations practically completed, and will put to sea within 48 hours, it may be interesting to review the work accomplished by Peixoto's agents in these waters. The Jal Cid has all her guns and torpedo tubes in place. Coal has been taken rapidly, and her bunkers will be filled by noon to-day. She will then run down the bay to try her compasses, probably going outside Sandy Hook, and will return in the evening to near Fort Wadsworth to take her explosives on board. This done, she will sail for some West Indian port, where she will await the Britannia and some other vessels that are said to be on the way from Europe to assist her.

Pushed the Work.

Three weeks have passed since it became known that President Peixoto, of Brazil, had chosen New York as a favorable port for fitting out of a portion of the fleet needed by him for the suppression of Mello's rebellion, and during almost the whole of that time the work has been pushed with unfailing assiduity.

It is not known exactly where the Brazilian fleet is to rendezvous, nor who is to command it. Admiral Joao Gonsalvee Duarte, of the Brazilian navy, has been sent by President Peixoto to organize a fleet in northern Brazil, and it is supposed that he will take command of the new ships.

Some Dangerous Boats.

Three torpedo boats of the first or large sea-going class, said to have been purchased by Peixoto, left Germany to-day, it is supposed, for the West Indies. The battle ships Riachuelo and the cruiser Benjamin Constant, which have been repairing at Toulon, France, are supposed to be friendly to Peixoto. Whether they can sail in time to be of service is doubtful. At present indications, Peixoto will have one turret ship, the Bahia, three cruisers, the Tiradentes, El Cid and Brittania, three first-class torpedo boats and three third-class torpedo boats, the Javelin, Feiseen, and the nameless Yarrow boat.

Mello will have one battle ship, the Aquidaban, six cruisers or gunboats, Republica, Javery, Orion, Sete De Setembro, Trajano and Marjo, eleven first-class torpedo boats, and eight third-class torpedo boats, besides a number of swift launches and several transports.

Movements of the Brazilian Cruiser Nietheroy.

New York, Nov. 20.—At 8:50 o'clock this morning the Brazilian cruiser Nietheroy passed Sandy Hook. Twenty minutes later she passed the station boat outside the bar without stopping, and it is thought that she had no pilot on board. The vessel was running at half speed and headed south.

She may cruise around in this vicinity for a couple of days, as Capt. E. I. Zalinski is on board, and he will give instructions to those on board in the handling of the dynamite gun.

BIG TRUST GOES TO PIECES.

National Plate Glass Association No More.

Pittsburg, Nov. 16.—The National Plate Glass association has gone to pieces. Secretary D. F. Wheeler gave out the following to the Associated Press this afternoon: "The Plate Glass association met in Pittsburg to-day and held their last meeting. The association was formed for one year and the time for which it was formed having expired, owing to the financial situation of the country and the light demand for plate glass and foreign competition, the manufacturers decided not to continue the association longer. Therefore, its headquarters in Pittsburg will be closed on and after this day."

The association had a capital of $10,000,000, and was one of the strongest trusts in the country. Lately small outside concerns have been cutting prices and this, it is said, had something to do with the disruption.

FERRIS LOSES HIS MONEY.

The Big Wheel Has Been a Hoodoo to Him.

Pittsburg, Pa., Nov. 15.—The Ferris Wheel company has paid the stockholders 22 per cent on their investment. The surprising information is also made public that George W. Ferris, the originator of the big Plaisance attraction, has lost money on the wheel, together with the construction company that built it. The construction company only received $300,000 for building the wheel, while the actual cost was $362,000. Therefore Mr. Ferris and the construction company are out $62,000, while the Ferris Wheel company, which operated the wheel during the Fair made a good profit on their investment. It is said Chicagoans are in Pittsburg to try and get the stockholders here to turn their stock over to Mr. Ferris at 20 cents on the dollar, so he can save himself and the construction company from loss.

SAYS HE IS NOT INSANE.

Prendergast Objects to Such a Line of Defence.

Chicago, Nov. 20.—Prendergast, the slayer of Mayor Harrison, whose trial is set for one week from to-morrow, is not pleased with the defense his attorneys have decided upon. "They propose to offer a plea of insanity," said he to-day. "I shall object to that. I want to acknowledge the commission of the crime and plead and prove justification." "In what way will you prove justification?"

"The broken promise to make me corporation counsel. And then there are other things. But it will all come out at the trial. I'm very much displeased with the idea of entering the plea of insanity. I'm not insane. I was justified in the shooting. The way the newspapers handled the story was amusing and also depressing. They called me crank ,lunatic, crazy, insane, and a lot of other things. And the pictures, some of them were simply horrible. I'm not insane, and don't want that kind of a defense."

WORSE THAN JERRY SIMPSON.

Kentucky Furnishes the Latest in the Way of Political Freaks.

Frankfort, Ky., Nov. 15.—Jerry Simpson and Senator Peffer will have to step aside. The Kentucky legislature has a more wonderful freak than they. He is the Hon. Jeremiah Vardeman Crenshaw, representative-elect from the Bullitt-Spencer district. He is illiterate and ignorant, and was elected solely to emphasize the displeasure of the people over the defeat of projected railway legislation.

He never rode on the cars, never saw an electric light, wears neither vest nor collar, is "agin" railroads, taxes and turnpikes, believes the "skule" to ther should "board round" and that "gals should hoe corn." He will ride to Frankfort on a mule, and the newspaper colony is preparing for fun.

National Grange Memorial Day.

Syracuse, N. Y., Nov. 20.—Yesterday was Memorial day with the National grange. An open meeting was held in the Alhambra, and the large hall was well filled. Worthy Master Brigham announced the deaths of members during the past year, and suitable memorials were adopted. Addresses were made by C. H. Knoot, of West Virginia; Leonard R. Hone, of Pennsylvania; B. W. Davis, of California; Mortimer Whitehead ,of New Jersey; J. P. Pierce, of Oregon, and A. Murser, of Boston. There was also reading of the Scriptures and prayer, Rev. Dr. Trimble taking part.

HOW MENAGE WAS CAUGHT.

The Good Work of a Minneapolis Reporter.

St. Paul, Nov. 16.—(Special.)—The capture of Menage, the greatest embezzler of modern times, is the talk of the city. The way the reporter caught him is interesting. Menage disappeared in May. The Minneapolis newspaper man went to Chicago, and there ran across E. P. D. Crooker, real estate dealer. He had been handling Menage's Chicago business, and also held Menage's security for a note of several thousand dollars.

The reporter represented himself as a Boston capitalist. For a month he

LOUIS MENAGE.

hung around Crooker's office, and one morning he saw a letter dated from South America. He also saw Crooker write a letter to some one in Central America, but could not learn whether it was for Menage.

One day, however, while he was in the office he picked up a blotter and saw thereon Menage's name. The remainder of the address was "Apartado, Guatemala, Central America." He at once telegraphed to County Attorney Nye, of Minneapolis, and Mr. Nye went at once to Washington, while Detective Hoyt was sent to Guatemala.

Requisition papers were obtained, and Mr. Menage is expected here within a month.

RUSSIA AND THE STANDARD.

Russia Produces a Cheaper and Better Oil.

New York, Nov. 20.—The Herald says that the Standard Oil Company, for the first time in its history, has met a rival business concern with an arrangement indicating defeat. Russia has accomplished what no American nor corporation of Americans has ever succeeded in doing. It has driven the Standard from Eastern markets worth millions upon millions of dollars per annum.

Fights against the great monopolists have been of long duration usually, and always with one ending —with the Standard sitting on top of the heap and complacently surveying the ruins.

Now the case is reversed. The Standard has been for two or three years gradually stepping backward to prevent the Great Bear from treading on its toes. Now, it is said, it has relinquished the fight in Eastern Mediterranean ports and in India.

It is stated in business circles that the Standard people have been forced out of the far East, but it is believed they have an agreement with the Rothschilds, representing Russia, that the latter will not interfere with the markets of Western Europe.

In order to ascertain just what position the Standard takes in this matter I called upon Mr. Rockefeller and was referred to the head of a department, who told in detail of the struggle with the Great Bear.

Standard's Own Statement.

"For many years," he said, "we practically monopolized the foreign markets. You can gain some idea of the export trade by realizing that it far exceeded the home consumption here in America."

The Standard representative did not say so, but custom house records show that since 1871 petroleum has been exported to the enormous extent of nearly $10,000,000,000. But he continued:

"We fully understand the limitless field in India, China and Japan if once we could educate the people generally to use petroleum. So we put forth every endeavor and at last sold in India about ten million cases per annum, or one hundred million gallons, costing there say ten cents per gallon. In American money this would mean that in India was sold oil worth nine or ten million dollars. China consumes three millions of cases, or thirty millions of gallons, worth $3,000,000. Java consumes as much, and Japan uses annually about four million cases containing forty million gallons, valued at $4,000,000.

"From the eastern Mediterranean ports, excepting Italy, we are wholly shut out. We have lost them all.

"In India, China, Japan and Java we have lost fully one-half of our trade, and if matters keep on as at present, we'll probably lose the other half."

"What has caused the curtailing of consumption of American oil?" I asked.

"In the first place, until within comparatively a few years Russia produced no petroleum. Then her fields were discovered, and for considerable time were worked so clumsily that we had nothing to fear. She had a great advantage in the price of labor, the wages earned there are almost nothing. But until very recently her processes of refining were primitive. Latterly, however, they have very much improved, and are nearly equal to those of this country. Again, oil is being found over there of a far higher grade.

"So far I have not mentioned what is probably as great an advantage as any that Russia possesses. It is the amount of her production. It seems to be simply endless. We have no more 'gushers' any more in this country."

INTERNATIONAL OIL TRUST.

End of Competition Between Russian and American Petroleum.

London, Nov. 20.—The Pall Mall Gazette this afternoon says that negotiations are proceeding, backed by the Russian government, with a view of ending the competition between Russian and American petroleum, and forming a great international trust.

Continuing, the Pall Mall Gazette asserts that a conference, at which the formation of this trust was discussed, has already been held at St. Petersburg, and that the present cutting of prices is held to be sufficient justification for the formation of a trust or union. The article concludes with the remark that "It remains to be seen whether American exports will have the largest share of the trade, will agree with the views of the Russians."

WORK FOR SEVERAL THOUSAND.

Sixteen Glass Factories Soon to Start.

Pittsburg, Pa., Nov. 17.—The independent flint and lime glass manufacturers held another meeting here to-day, and perfected a new organization, including all the manufacturers outside of the United States Glass company. A conference with the flint glass workers was held subsequently, and a satisfactory settlement of the scale was reached. The manufacturers will start up eight plants within the next four weeks, and the other eight factories will resume before the first of the year. The resumption will give employment to several thousand men, who have been idle for six months.

ROBERT LINCOLN IN NEW YORK.

Supposed to be There in the Interest of the McKinley Boom.

New York, Nov. 17.—Robert T. Lincoln, ex-minister to England, was at the Hotel Brunswick yesterday. He declined to talk politics, explaining that he was in town purely upon private and professional business. Managers of the McKinley boom watched Lincoln's movements carefully. They declared that the Illinoisan had made no substantial political progress here.

THE HAWAIIAN AFFAIR

A SYNOPSIS OF "PARAMOUNT" BLOUNT'S REPORT.

HE RECOMMENDS THE RESTORATION OF THE QUEEN.

Tells Why He Pulled Down the American Flag, and Lays All the Blame on Minister Stevens.

Washington, Nov. 21.—Secretary Gresham decided yesterday afternoon to make public all the correspondence and the report of James H. Blount, the special commissioner sent to Hawaii by President Cleveland to investigate the revolution which dethroned Queen Liliuokalani and the establishment of the provisional government.

Concerning the position of the United States in the islands Mr. Blount says: "Troops from the Boston were doing military duty for the provisional government. The American flag was floating over the government building. Within it the provisional government conducted its business under an American protectorate, to be continued according to the avowed purpose of the American minister, during negotiations with the United States for annexation. My instructions directed me to make inquiries which in the interest of candor and truth could not be done when the minds of thousands of Hawaiian citizens were full of uncertainty as to what the presence of American troops, the American flag, and the American protectorate implied. It seemed necessary that all these influences must be withdrawn before those inquiries could be prosecuted in a manner befitting the dignity and power of the United States.

Pulled Down the Flag.

"Inspired with such feeling and confident no disorder would ensue, I directed the removal of the flag of the United States from the government building and the return of the American troops to their vessel. This was accomplished without any demonstrations of joy or grief on the part of the populace.

"The afternoon before, in an interview with President Dole, in response to my inquiry, he said the provisional government was now able to preserve order, although it could not have done so for several weeks after the proclamation establishing it."

Commissioner Blount says that "the causes of the dethronement of the queen and the establishment of the provisional government are both remote and proximate."

He then reviews the history of the islands at some length,beginning with the constitution of 1852 and the changes made in the system of government since down to the revolution of 1887, which resulted in the constitution of that year and which is to a great extent given by Mr. Blount as the cause of the revolution of 1893. He shows the position which the queen occupied, her protest, and describes the race and citizenship of the men concerned in the revolution.

Scores Minister Stevens.

The various commissioners of the provisional government and Minister Stevens are quoted and commented upon. Mr. Blount shows that it was a collusion on the part of the minister and the revolutionists. He goes into the details of the matter and points out by time and place the haste with which Mr. Stevens acted, and by quoting from Stevens's report and the papers on file at the legation, declares that the minister misrepresented the revolution to the United States government.

Mr. Blount says the native race feel that a great wrong has been done them and their queen, when the queen resigned under protest, and did not believe the action of Stevens would be endorsed, and he adds: "Indeed, who could have supposed that the circumstances surrounding her could have been foreseen and sanctioned deliberately by the President of the United States? Her uniform conduct and the prevailing sentiment amongst the natives point to her belief as well as theirs, that the spirit of justice on the part of the President would restore her crown."

That is the only thing in the nature of a recommendation made. The special commissioner closes with a description of the industries of the islands, statistics, comparisons of the races, changes in the conditions of the natives, and information tending to show that they have been badly treated.

MINISTER WILLIS KINDLY RECEIVED BY PRESIDENT DOLE.

ROYALISTS EXPECT THE U. S. TO RESTORE QUEEN LIL.

The News Brought by the Australia Leaves the Situation More Interesting Than It Has Yet Been, and Excitement Throughout the Country Will Become Intensified.

(Copyright by the Associated Press.)

Honolulu, Nov. 11.—But little of a definite nature has transpired since advices by the steamer China were sent. Perhaps the most significant was one of the remarks of Minister Willis, when he presented his credentials on the 7th inst., together with the reply of President Dole, as follows:

Minister Willis's Remarks.

Minister Willis's remarks were as follows:

"Mr. President, Mr. Blount, the late envoy extraordinary of the United States to your government, having resigned his office, while absent from his post, I have the honor to now present his letter of recall and to express for him his sincere regret that he is unable in person to make known his continued good wishes on behalf of your people, and his grateful appreciation of the many courtesies both personal and official, of which while here he was the honored recipient. I desire at the same time to place in your hands a letter accrediting me as his successor. In doing this I am directed by the President to give renewed assurances of friendship, interest and hearty good will which our government entertains for you and for the people of this island realm.

"Invoking that spirit of peace, friendship and hospitality which has ever been the shield and sword of this country, I now, upon behalf of the United States of America, tender to your people the right hand of good will, which I trust may be as lasting, as I know it to be sincere, expressing the hope that every year will promote and perpetuate that good will to the honor, happiness and prosperity of both governments."

President Dole's Reply.

President Dole then made reply as follows: "Mr. Minister: It is with much satisfaction that I receive the credentials you bring from his excellency, the President of the United States of America, accrediting you as envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to represent that country at the capital of the Hawaiian islands. Your assurances of continued friendship of your government for me and the Hawaiian people, and to the gratification which long experience of the generous consideration of the United States for this country has fostered. Permit me to assure you that we heartily reciprocate the expressions of interest and good will which you on behalf of the American people have conveyed to us.

"Aside from our geographical proximity and the consequent preponderating commercial interests which center here the present advanced civilization and christianization of your people, together with your enlightened codes of law, stand to-day, beneficient monuments of American zeal, courage and intelligence.

"It is not surprising, therefore, that the United States were the first to recognize the independence of the Hawaiian islands and to welcome them into the great family of the free, equal and sovereign nations, nor is it surprising that this historic tie has been strengthened from year to year by the important mutual reciprocities and agreement alike honorable and advantageous to both governments. Partly from proximity, partly from the leading influence of American citizens, the work of inaugurating Christian civilization and industrial enterprise in these islands, but still more from the repeated acts of friendly assistance we have received from your government during the past half century, we have become accustomed to regard the United States as a friendly ally, and have learned to look first to her for help in our emergencies. I regret the inability of your predecessor, Mr. Blount, to personally present his letter of recall, and to afford me the opportunity to express to him my appreciation of the agreeable official and social relations that existed between him and our government and people during his residence here. We congratulate ourselves, Mr. Minister, that the government of the United States is to be represented here by one who, we are assured, is familiar with the questions arising from the relations between the two governments, and with whom we look for the maintenance of pleasant official intercourse."

In speaking of his mission here, Mr. Willis has upon a late occasion declared that his instructions would not be known until they were officially handed to the provisional government.

"I will say this much," continued the minister, "that there is absolutely no foundation for the various rumors afloat since my arrival as to what I am empowered to do or not to do. There are but two or three men, even in Washington, who know what my instructions are. I must positively decline at present to state whether I carry an ultimatum or a new treaty, or what."

Talk of a New Treaty.

The provisional government claim to be as much in the dark as everybody else, though it has leaked out within the last few hours from a very reliable source that the new minister will negotiate a new treaty with the provisional government which will place the islands virtually under the protection of the United States. It is understood that when completed this treaty will be at once submitted to the United States Senate with President Cleveland's message. In the meantime the United States will see that matters remain in statu quo here, both internally and externally.

Evidence of the determination on the part of the United States was seen during the night of November 3, when for some reason unknown to the provisional government, boats of the Philadelphia were dropped into the water, and were supplied with loaded gatling guns and small arms.

Details of men were kept under orders all night and the boats were not taken aboard until 4 a. m. of the 10th inst. An interview with a prominent provisional government official failed to throw light on the circumstance. He said, "We are here to keep the peace. The demonstration could not have been intended against us. Yes, there have been late threats, but the government has placed little credence in them. The royalists, if they find their 'cause hopeless, may try something desperate. The United States seems bent on keeping the peace at all hazards, though, if it came to trouble, it could probably be virtually settled before troops could be landed from the war ships. The government relies upon the citizens' reserve guard in case of trouble, and is confident it will not be disappointed."

Instructions in Case of Trouble.

During the past three days the marshal has personally met the citizens' reserve in squads, and given their last instructions in case trouble comes. Each man is armed with a Lee Remington rifle and a belt of 50 cartridges. Every member of the guard represents either the property or mercantile interests of Honolulu, and as the marshal significantly remarked, they are not in this row to see it through for fun. There is no doubt that the organization of the citizens' guard, now numbering over 400 men, has had a very salutary effect on the unsettled state of the country.

The royalists, on the other hand, claim that there is not, and never has been, any danger except that worked up in the imaginations of the annexationists. Their leading men say they are confident the ex-queen will be restored, because the United States must either annex the islands or restore the old regime.

ELECRICITY ON CANALS.

Mules and Steam Will Be Supplanted by the Trolley.

Rochester, N. Y., Nov. 13.—Electrical propulsion of commercial boats on canals is no longer a theory, but a demonstrated success. Mule and steam power are alike doomed by the new power, which was successfully tested at 3 o'clock last night, alongside the village of Brighton, four miles from Rochester, on a waterway of the Erie canal. The old steamboat Ceres, now the Frank W. Hawley, framed after the pretense of the scheme, was fitted with an electrical motor by the Westinghouse company instead of boiler and engine.

Taking power from the trolley wire overhead, she started off without hitch or hindrance when Mr. Hawley himself pulled the lever on the controller and set the current pulsing through the machinery to the propeller wheel behind. All day long linemen had worked, and their nerves were strung to a high tension for fear that they would not finish in time, but Mr. Hawley gave the order, "This boat must run successfully before I sleep."

Governor Flower and retinue, including the new state engineer, Campbell W. Adams, and Superintendent of Public Works Edward Hannon, arrived at 4 o'clock this afternoon, and the official test was set down for to-morrow morning at 10. Mr. Hawley did not propose to wait, and declared that a crude test should be made in the presence of the governor, hence the orders to rush. The electric current was taken from the Rochester street railway. About 500 volts power, and everything was ready for the test at 8 o'clock.

The boat was finally placed under the wires, the lever pulled, and away she sped faster than the law allows, six miles an hour. There was no hitch, no break. The blunt prow of the boat was pushed through the turbid waters as gracefully as ever swan sailed swiftly but peacefully through landscape gardener's pond. No drawback occurred. It was a grand success.

Every difficulty encountered in canal navigation was successfully overcome. This one mile of wire contains the shortest curve in the whole length. The curve is rounded at full speed, and lock taken as quickly as could be possible, and the wide waters made no difference in her deflection. There was no jar to the boat, the electric motor working smoother than ordinarily on an electric car.

Rochester, Nov. 21.—An additional test was made yesterday at Brighton of the electric canal boat, Frank W. Hawley, at which the crude trolley poles were replaced by a flexible cable intended as a permanent fixture of the apparatus used. By aid of the cable the boat was controlled much more easily than by trolley poles and the test was by far the most satisfactory of the three which have so far been made. The cable was to have been used on Saturday, but it arrived on the scene too late to be of service.

TWO BIG HOTELS DESTROYED.

And Two Otherslhadly Damaged by Fire.

Hot Springs, Ark., Nov. 20.—A disastrous fire occurred here this morning resulting in the total destruction of the Ozark and Willard hotels and great damage to the Pullman and Imma hotels. The water works failed and the firemen were unable to successfully battle with the flames. All the guests escaped without injury. The loss will reach fifty to seventy-five thousand. Only partially covered by insurance.

The Race Off for the Season.

Boston, Nov. 16.—The Alix-Directum race has been declared off. The lateness of the season is given out as the reason for the cancelling of the race. Alix will be shipped home to-morrow. The track was very heavy to-day. Thousands of persons from all over New England had gathered to witness the event.

VOTE FOR GOVERNOR WITH TABLES OF PLURALITIES.

Official Vote of Each County in the State—Keep This Table for Reference.

Columbus, O., Nov. 21.—The compilation of the official vote of the state was completed at the secretary of state's office yesterday. It shows that McKinley carried Ohio by a plurality of 80,995, and has a majority over all of 43,026. Dairy and Food Commissioner McNeal leads the remainder of the ticket with a plurality of 77,786, and the other places range above 75,000. Governor McKinley received 10,269 more votes than Lieutenant Governor Harris, who was second in the total vote, and 10,324 more than McNeal, who ranks third. On the Democratic side, Neal receives 4,754 more votes than Taylor, and 7,125 more than McKeown, the candidate of the wholesale grocers for food commissioner, who polled the lowest vote of any candidate on the Democratic ticket. These differences represent, in part, the errors made in marking ballots. The vote by counties follows:

Official Vote for Governor.

Counties.	McKinley, Republican.	Neal, Democratic.	Macklin, Prohibitionist	Bracken, Peoples.
Adams	3,696	2,950	123	38
Allen	8,888	4,410	349	265
Ashland	2,993	2,793	227	34
Ashtabula	6,787	1,968	413	150
Athens	4,550	2,084	405	304
Auglaize	2,257	2,229	109	102
Belmont	8,628	7,287	509	69
Brown	2,869	3,679	150	69
Butler	5,020	6,831	170	78
Carroll	2,450	1,610	146	25
Champaign	2,817	2,910	110	93
Clark	6,408	4,282	662	283
Clermont	3,883	4,172	192	91
Clinton	3,693	1,994	254	74
Columbiana	7,993	4,460	1,174	336
Coshocton	2,946	3,341	203	49
Crawford	2,687	4,110	150	224
Cuyahoga	20,478	20,288	944	2,118
Darke	3,893	4,281	283	221
Defiance	2,375	2,788	123	357
Delaware	2,460	2,526	253	183
Erie	4,520	3,313	107	60
Fairfield	3,123	4,414	172	90
Fayette	1,903	1,961	101	107
Franklin	15,969	14,029	583	357
Fulton	2,056	1,945	208	122
Gallia	3,505	1,722	112	54
Geauga	2,110	694	142	78
Greene	4,891	2,266	360	85
Guernsey	3,724	2,912	324	57
Hamilton	42,277	31,324	819	748
Hancock	4,758	4,096	362	267
Hardin	2,742	3,001	253	95
Harrison	2,700	1,848	280	17
Henry	2,210	2,825	130	58
Highland	3,758	3,067	308	139
Hocking	2,528	1,923	253	53
Holmes	1,189	2,014	150	16
Huron	4,491	2,829	222	78
Jackson	3,728	2,940	302	145
Jefferson	7,546	5,468	508	191
Knox	3,587	3,191	257	101
Lake	2,022	951	126	34
Lawrence	4,368	2,257	240	58
Licking	4,985	5,805	450	175
Logan	3,111	1,971	219	112
Lorain	5,658	2,700	316	85
Lucas	11,904	8,014	220	311
Madison	2,856	2,233	189	71
Mahoning	6,815	5,649	392	178
Marion	2,824	3,108	276	97
Medina	2,263	1,854	197	59
Meigs	4,084	2,961	176	163
Mercer	1,744	1,585	104	58
Miami	5,616	5,859	502	283
Monroe	1,617	3,203	106	115
Montgomery	14,354	12,423	482	425
Morgan	2,413	1,709	107	47
Morrow	2,583	1,497	168	113
Muskingum	6,544	5,800	339	91
Noble	2,577	1,984	145	41
Ottawa	1,677	2,516	51	25
Paulding	1,720	1,765	57	65
Perry	3,741	3,284	178	222
Pickaway	2,959	3,579	142	13
Pike	1,726	2,047	65	57
Portage	3,757	2,802	202	51
Preble	4,073	3,692	251	51
Putnam	2,412	2,338	167	192
Richland	4,280	4,494	292	167
Ross	5,030	4,281	183	4
Sandusky	3,709	3,270	181	251
Scioto	4,600	3,919	124	81
Seneca	4,480	4,774	320	314
Shelby	2,158	2,930	102	108
Stark	10,937	9,472	581	718
Summit	7,157	6,115	281	460
Trumbull	6,557	2,567	447	129
Tuscarawas	5,200	5,231	238	255
Union	3,252	1,841	117	257
Van Wert	3,040	2,840	193	39
Vinton	1,700	1,058	77	15
Warren	3,876	2,117	155	47
Washington	5,103	4,069	146	58
Wayne	4,476	4,476	185	42
Williams	3,101	2,934	151	238
Wood	5,714	4,295	453	200
Wyandot	2,110	2,460	120	77
Totals	433,342	352,347	22,403	15,583

McKinley's plurality, 80,995.
McKinley's majority over all, 43,026.

AN OVATION IN A CHURCH.

New York Worshipers Cheer Governor McKinley.

New York, Nov. 20.—Gov. William McKinley, jr., worshiped at the Hanson Place Methodist church, Brooklyn, yesterday, in company with Myron T. Herrick, of his staff, and Wilber F. Wakeman. While preaching, Pastor C. W. Parsons, an ardent Republican and warm admirer of the governor, recognized the distinguished guest, and at the close of the sermon notified the congregation of the Ohioan's presence, referring to him as one of the most illustrious and noblest of Christian statesmen.

Quick as a flash there came a rousing cheer from over 500 men, while the women waved their handkerchiefs toward where the governor sat. The assemblage then joined in singing "America." After the benediction, Dr. Parson descended and seized the visitor's hand, and more than 1,000 of the congregation followed the clergyman's example.

INGERSOLL ON IMMORTALITY.

He Says It Is the Dream of Love—An Autograph Statement.

Boston, Nov. 15.—Boston is just now stirred up over Pagan Bob, as he is familiarly called. One of the papers here, in speaking of him and his beliefs, says:

"Why not make public the rumor that the brilliant orator who has been called the great American infidel, has been heard to say that perhaps he will say in public before he dies that he believes in immortality."

Colonel Ingersool was questioned on the subject in his apartments in the Adams house, and in reply gave the following autograph statement:

"I have never said that perhaps before I die I will say in public that I believe in immortality.' I have nothing to conceal on that question. I have always been perfectly frank and have given the transcript of my heart and brain.

"I do not say death ends all, neither do I say that man is immortal. I say that I do not know. To know is one thing, to believe is another, and to hope is still another.

"I hope for all good, for all joy, for the children of men.

"All I can say about immortality is this: There was a time when I was not, after that I was, now I am, and it may be that it is no more wonderful that I should continue forever, now that I have a start, than it was that I should begin.

"We love, and those we love die, and we cling to the hope, to the wish, that we may meet again. Love was the first to dream of immortality, and as long as we love we shall hope."

INCENDIARISM AT CLEVELAND.

Attempts to Destroy Several Manufactories.

Cleveland, O., Nov. 20.—The police are securing the city for clues which will lead to the arrest of the gang of incendiaries who made a vain but desperate attempt to destroy several large manufacturing institutions in the East End at an early hour yesterday morning. At the time mentioned fire broke out at the B. P. Nail works in four different places and at exactly the same time. This could not possibly have happened had it not been the work of incendiaries. Each of the four fires was started at different parts of the building. Shortly after the flames had been extinguished fire was discovered at Krauss & Co.'s lumber yards at the foot of Case avenue. Almost at the same time fire was discovered in several box-cars on the Lake Shore track. Fortunately the fire department was able to extinguish the flames before they did any damage.

Dinner to Governor McKinley.

New York, Nov. 20.—A dinner was given in honor of Governor and Mrs. McKinley at the Hotel Waldorf last night, by Col. S. T. Everett, of Cleveland. There were also present Mrs. Everett, Colonel and Mrs. M. T. Herrick, and Mr. and Mrs. Abner McKinley.

FOREIGN.

A WILD STORM IN EUROPE.

Vessels Driven Ashore and Crews Lost.

London, Nov. 20.—Up to Sunday morning, at least 80 lives are known to have been lost during the gale which has swept over the British coast for 48 hours past, and, in addition, the crews of several boats are still missing. The news arriving every hour records further fatalities and details the great damage done by the storm. It is generally believed that the weather which has just visited the coast of England, Scotland and Ireland is the most severe in many years. Dispatches received from Banff say that the seashore for 30 miles is strewn with the wreckage of vessels.

Some idea of the force of the gale can be gathered from the fact that two heavy railroad engines were blown off the track near Inverness, blocking all traffic north, and necessitating the despatch of two wrecking trains to clear the track. The wreckage trains have not since been heard from, so it is supposed that the work has been impeded by a fall of snow.

From all parts of Ireland, where there is telegraphic communication, come reports of the severity of the gale, which has been accompanied there by a heavy snow storm. Several fatalities and numerous cases of injury are reported at Waterford, Carrick Fergus, Belfast, Newry and Skibbereen.

Hundreds of fishing boats are missing, and numerous wrecks are reported. The harbors are filled with weather-bound vessels. Much loss has been caused to live stock, and considerable damage has been done to houses and to produce.

The gale continues and reports last night say that there are no signs of abating. It is now said that six vessels were stranded off Holyhead, and that two of these were afterward floated. The losers are expected to be complete wrecks. In addition six vessels have been seen showing signals of distress, and two of the latter have already foundered. The steamer wrecked off Banff is believed to be the Moray, as much wreckage from a steamer bearing that name brand or painted upon it has been washed ashore.

The midnight reports received make the total number of deaths from drowning during the gale as 134, and this is without reckoning the crews of several vessels which have been seen to founder off the coast, and the total fatalities, irrespective of the numerous crews of missing fishing fleets, is estimated at quite 200, according to the most conservative estimates.

Disasters and Fatalities Reported on All Sides.

London, Nov. 20.—The gale in the British channel was renewed with fury to-day. All the boats running between Calais and Dover are stormbound at these two ports, and vessels which are arriving at Dover at every hour, report having experienced the most fearful weather in the channel and in the North sea. Disasters and fatalities are reported on all sides, and distressed vessels are to be seen off every port of the coast. The life boats have been working gallantly for nearly three days, and have succeeded in rescuing a large number of lives.

The storm has also caused great havoc inland, and is continuing its work of destruction. The Saltron and Walden branch of the Great Eastern railroad is blocked with snow, and snow has also stopped all traffic on the Great Northern railroad between Ashwell and Harston. Near Ashwell, a railroad train is imbedded in a 20-foot drift of snow, and a gang of 100 men with a snow plow have been at work all day trying to get the way clear.

GERMANY'S ARMY IMPROVED.

Emperor William Opens the Reichstag Thursday.

Berlin, Nov. 16.—Emperor William formally opened the Reichstag today, and made a speech of great interest to Germany and to those interested in German affairs.

After prayers the members of the Reichstag assembled in the White hall of the Old Castle, where the emperor, attended by his suite, and by the high officials of state and the court officials, soon after entered and ascending the dias, spoke as follows concerning army expenses:

"Honored Gentlemen:—When in July of this year, I assembled you about me, I gave expression of my confidence that you would not refuse me and my exalted allies your co-operation in giving to our army system the development demanded in the interest of the empire's security. I rejoice that my confidence was not disappointed and while I welcome you on your meeting to-day, I feel it incumbent upon me to express to the Reichstag my imperial thanks for its patriotic willingness. The manifold proofs of warm sympathy, over which we have had occasion to rejoice during the last few months in different parts of the empire, are to me a pledge of the great satisfaction felt by the nation that the German army has obtained organization in which is to be found a guarantee of protection for the Fatherland and for the preservation of peace.

"It will now be your chief task to make provision in associated labor with allied governments for procuring the means required to meet increased needs arising out of the addition made to the peace effective of the army. The proposals which will be submitted to you in this connection rest on the broad foundation involving a fresh settlement of the financial relations of the empire with its members.

In the relations between Germany and foreign countries there has been no change; while the close friendship with the empires allied to us for the purpose of pursuing common, peaceful objects, continues, we stand on good and friendly relations with all the powers, and I, therefore, cherish the confident hope that with God's help, the blessing of peace may still continue to be preserved to us."

A HEAVY BOMBARDMENT.

Much Suffering in Brazil's Besieged Cities.

New York, Nov. 16.—The World's Rio de Janeiro dispatch says: The ruins of the insurgent magazine and warehouse at Armacao Point are still burning. The rebels have been strengthening the batteries on Mucangue Island and also adding to the straggling guns of Villegaignon.

At intervals all day there was heavy cannonading. Shell after shell burst within Fortress Villegaignon. The Muchagne batteries have been bombarding to-day the suburbs of Nictheroy. The scene around Nictheroy is heartbreaking. Mothers and daughters, old men and children, all too poor to remove, are begging the remains of the soldiers' food, and the patriotic battalions are dividing meals with the people living on the outskirts. In the suburbs to-day the fields and streets are filled with broken tiles, plaster, window glass and walls of crumbling houses, blown up or knocked down. It is impossible to do justice to the frightful sights.

DYNAMITE AT MARSEILLES.

One Bomb Explodes and Shatters the Walls.

Marseilles, Nov. 16.—A dastardly attempt was made to blow up the residence of Gen. Mathelin, commander of the Fifteenth army corps, at about midnight last night. The house occupied by Gen. Mathelin is surrounded by a high wall into which sentry boxes are built. It is the official residence of the general of division commanding the fifteenth army corps, which includes in its jurisdiction the lower Alps, the maritime Alps, Arroeche, the Rouches du Rhone, Corsica, Gard, Var, Vauclese and

WASHINGTON.

WILL BE AN INCOME TAX.

A Provision for This Will Be in the New Tariff Bill.

Washington, Nov. 18.—The income tax is to be favorably recommended to the committee on ways and means by the sub-committee having the matter in charge. This has at last been definitely decided, and the sub-committee on internal revenue will make such a report at the first meeting of the full Democratic membership, which is expected to take place to-day.

The stage has been at last reached, and is frankly conceded, where the whole policy of the committee depends on the question of the income tax. If the plan for an income tax which has been so strongly urged by Messrs. Bryan, Tarsney and Whiting in the committee, and a number of Democratic Congressmen in public, shall prevail, the committee will have no further difficulty in making such radical reductions of the tariff as will satisfy the national Democratic platform.

So far, the great difficulty of the committee has been to reduce the tariff without creating a deficit in the treasury; and this embarrassing condition has all along been the chief hope of the income tax men. The protests that have come up from every industry, as the contemplated tariff reductions have been announced, and the open threats of the southern Democrats who have lodged such vigorous objections to removing the bounty on sugar and adding coal, iron ore and rice to the free list, have finally caused the income tax theory to be given that serious consideration that indicates its final adoption.

The plan to be recommended by the sub-committee leaves most of the details to be settled after the final approval of the policy. It is contemplated, however, that no man shall be subject to an income tax who does not have an annual income of more than $4,000; however, it is suggested that the tax shall be 2 per cent on the excess up to $20,000. The excess over $20,000 per annum up to $50,000 shall be taxed 5 per cent,and all excess of revenue over $50,000 per annum shall pay a 10 per cent tax to the government. In its essential features this system is practically the same as the one in vogue during and after the close of the war, and which proved so efficacious in raising the revenues necessary to meet the enormous obligations of the government at that time.

WHITES HAVE NO BUSINESS

To Enter Indian Reservations to Prospect for Minerals.

Washington, Nov. 18.—Gen. F. C. Armstrong, acting commissioner of Indian affairs, has been informed that quite a party of whites have entered the Uncumpahgre Indian reservation in Utah to prospect for gold, and the agent of the Indians, who forwarded the information, has asked for instructions. To this inquiry General Armstrong replied instructing the agent to promptly remove the intruders. He says the whites have no more right to enter the Indian reservations to prospect for mineral than one man has to enter another's yard and help himself to what he finds there, and that in all instances when the department is advised of such trespass the interlopers will be promptly removed.

MR. ECKELS'S RECOMMENDATION.

His Report Will be Ready in a Few Days.

Washington, Nov. 17.—Mr. Eckels, the comptroller of the currency, is hard at work on his report, and expects to have it finished by the end of the week, probably. It is understood that he will make several recommendations for changes in the banking law.

It is expected that among other things he will recommend a system by which the national bank currency may take the place of all others in existence, the purpose being to allow the national banks to deposit, in addition to bonds, gold and silver and treasury notes, and to issue bank notes to the par value of all deposits in the treasury.

CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION

May be Reorganized by Dropping Lyman and Johnston.

Washington, Nov. 15.—The civil service commission is now engaged in the preparation of its annual report, and when that is completed it is reported on good authority that Mr. Johnston, of Louisiana, and Mr. Lyman, the chairman of the board, are marked for decapitation.

The complaint against Mr. Johnston is that he is not in sympathy with the spirit of civil service reform, while Mr. Lyman, who has been in office for some time, is wedded, it is said, to routine, and exhibits little interest in widening the scope of the reform. Mr. Roosevelt, the Republican member of the board, will remain.

OKLAHOMA IS GROWING.

Some Statistics Furnished by the Governor.

Washington, Nov. 18.—The annual report of Governor Wm. C. Renfrow, of Oklahoma, estimates the total population of the territory at 151,304, and that of the Cherokee strip at 103,000. The immigration of colored people from the South has practically stopped, and there are few of them left in the territory. The aggregate assessed valuation of taxable property is $13,951,056, an increase of $7,072,128 over that of 1891. The capital stock of the national banks of Oklahoma is reported as $876,000, the deposits $1,429,000, and the loans and discounts amount to $1,042,000.

A NIECE OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

Another Crank Wants to See the President.

Washington, Nov. 16.—One of the early callers at the White House this morning was a woman who called yesterday, and claimed relationship of Queen Victoria. She is a thin, spare woman, with black eyes and hair, about 35 or 40 years old. She said she must see the President to explain the business she had with him, which she could tell no other person. "I am a niece of Queen Victoria," she said, "but I dislike to say anything about it, and will not unless I am compelled to." After being informed that she could not see the President today, she went away, saying she would call again.

Changes in the War Department.

Washington, Nov. 20.—The resignation of Gen. L. S. Grant, assistant secretary of war, which was tendered to the President on the incoming of the administration, has been accepted, to take effect Dec. 15, and it is announced that Gen. Doe, adjutant general of the Wisconsin National Guard, has been selected as his successor. Gen. Doe is a lawyer, residing at Janesville, Wis.

Mr. Garland's Mother Dead.

Washington, Nov. 18.—Mrs. Barbara Hubbard, mother of ex-Attorney General Garland, died last night at the family residence of pneumania. The interment will probably be at Washington, Ark.

ITCHING HUMORS

Torturing, disfiguring eczemas, and every species of itching, burning, scaly, crusted, and pimply skin and scalp diseases, with dry, thin, and falling hair, are relieved in most cases by a single application, and speedily and economically cured by the

CUTICURA

Remedies, consisting of CUTICURA, the great skin cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite skin purifier and beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, greatest of humor remedies, when the best physicians fail. CUTICURA REMEDIES cure every humor, eruption, and disease from pimples to scrofula. Sold everywhere. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Boston.

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PIMPLES, blackheads, red, rough, and oily skin prevented and cured by CUTICURA SOAP.

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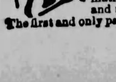

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WHAT A DEMOCRATIC CONGRESS MAY DO.

The New Tariff Bill to be Made Public This Week—Something of What It Will Contain.

Washington, Nov. 16.—It is the hope of the Democratic members of the ways and means committee to be able to report their new tariff bill to the public about November 25, or near the close of next week. The popular pressure is so very great for information on the subject and the importunities of the interests affected for changes in the bill so embarassing to the committee, that it has been determined to settle all points upon which uncertainty exists as soon as possible.

For this purpose a series of conferences of the full Democratic membership of the committee have begun today and the work of the sub-committees is to be submitted schedule by schedule and finally passed upon by the entire membership. Upon the vexed questions concerning which the sub-committees have been unable to arrive at a definite conclusion, the principal discussion of the members will be first directed.

Hot Discussions Expected.

Among the important of these problems are the question of an income tax, the internal revenue schedules and the contemplated additions to the free list. There is a difference of opinion among the Democratic members over adding iron ore, coal and salt to the free list and the discussion is sharp as to the wisdom of such action. Free wool, free lumber and free cotton bagging seem assured, though there is even some dispute on these points. The Alabama Democrats are up in arms against putting coal and iron ore on the free list and still demand that their appeals to the committee shall be heard.

Increase the Whisky Tax.

The internal revenue schedule will not be so radically revised as was at one time supposed. The proposition of Hon. David A. Wells to double the tax on beer is hotly opposed by the brewers and does not seem to have been very favorably received by the committee. The brewers are insisting that if any changes are to be madet he increase should be levied on whisky, and this seems to be the most likely policy of the committee at this time. The suggestion of an increase of 60 cents per gallon on the whisky tax has come somewhat as a surprise, as until recently the highest increase generally discussed only added 35 cents per gallon to the present tax. The practical abandonment of the proposition to increase the tobacco tax leaves but little choice if any material increase of revenues is to be derived from the internal revenue schedules, and the objection to adding anything to the present tobacco tax has been so sharp and emphatic that few Democratic members now give it any public approval.

The Income Tax.

The most vexed question to be settled by the series of conferences of the full Democratic membership beginning to-day is that of a graduated income tax. Messrs. Bryan, of Nebraska, and Tarsney, of Missouri, are the principal champions of this proposition in the committee and they appear in a fair way to carry their ideas to practical results.

"I do not believe," said Mr. Bryan to-day, "that a material reduction can be made in the tariff without creating a deficit which it will at once become necessary to meet in some extraordinary way. An increase in internal revenue duties sufficient to make good the deficit would have to be very heavy indeed.

"An increase in internal revenue duties on tobacco or beer is an increased burden on the poorer classes of the people, who already bear the largest share of the burdens of the government in proportion to their means.

Thinks It Just.

"Now, a tax on incomes could be raised or lowered from year to year according as the needs of the government required, and would, to some extent, compensate for the inequalities of indirect taxation. I think it would be just because it would subject people to taxation in proportion to their own means of paying and in proportion to the advantages which they receive in the way of property protection from the government. The justice of it is commended, almost without exception, by writers on political economy; and the right to levy the tax has already been established by our Supreme court."

WILL REPORT ON AGRICULTURE.

Two Sub-Committees of the Senate Now at Work.

Washington, Nov. 20.—The sub-committee of the Senate committee on agriculture are at present engaged by different ways in gathering data and preparing reports upon the prices and production of farm products, in accordance with a resolution of the last congress authorizing an investigation of this question, and it is probable that a partial report will be submitted early in the approaching session of Congress. There are two sub-committees one of them composed of Senators George, Bate and Proctor, dealing with cotton and another composed of Senators Peffer, Roach and Washburne, who have charge of the grain and live stock branch of the inquiry.

Senator Peffer has been devoting the present congressional interim to the preparation of his report, the facts for which were gathered during the recess of last spring and summer. He has collected some very interesting information bearing upon the depreciation of the prices of farm products of the West, and the general condition of affairs of this section and expects to have his report in shape to submit early in the regular session.

THE DEFICIT BECOMES GREATER

Really, Grover, It is a Condition Which Confronts You.

Washington, Nov. 17.—The treasury's available cash balance was still further depleted yesterday to the extent of $700,000. The loss was however, entirely in the currency balance which was reduced over a million as the net gold reserve increased half a million dollars yesterday. The net balance stands at $97,388,595, of which $85,490,891 is the gold reserve. The receipts of the government for this month are not as heavy as was hoped, and the deficit in the government's accounts show already a loss of nearly five million dollars. The receipts have been $14,540,000 and the expenditures $19,365,000. This makes the total deficit so far this fiscal year $29,000,000, the proportional loss this month being much greater than for the preceding four months.

IRON AND STEEL MEN AROUSED.

Representatives Appear Before the Ways and Means Committee.

Washington, Nov. 15.—The new tariff bill is the subject of much anxiety to the iron and steel manufacturers. James M. Swan, manager of the Iron and Steel association, called at the committee room yesterday, and had a two hours' conference with Chairman Wilson on the schedules in which the iron and steel men are so vitally interested. Later in the day, ex-Congressman Neidringhaus, of St. Louis, called to urge that in the revision of duties no discrimination be made in the various manufactures of tin plate, iron plate and granite plate, and that the reductions be so equitably made as to work no injustice to the various plants and workmen employed in these industries in America.

LOOKING AFTER UNCLE SAM.

His Interests in the Pacific Railroads Will be Protected.

Washington, Nov. 15.—It is evidently the intention of the administration to jealously protect the interests of the government in the Pacific railroads, and the committees of the two Houses which have this matter under jurisdiction are already giving it careful attention with a view of proposing new legislation immediately on the reconvening of Congress. The Senate committee on Pacific railroads of which Calvin S. Brice, of Ohio, is chairman, is holding conferences with Attorney General Olney with the hope of perfecting a bill which can be introduced in December, and which will protect the government's interests from any embarrassment that might grow out of the late receivership.

SOUTHERN DEMOCRATIC PROTECTIONISTS SEND WARNING.

If a Democratic Congress Does Not Protect Their Interests They Will Leave the Party.

Washington, Nov. 17.—The new South sounded a warning to the ways and means committee yesterday. It came from the manufacturing interests of Alabama and Tennessee,whose representatives were refused a formal hearing by Chairman Wilson some days ago, but who yesterday secured the privilege of making an informal argument before the Democratic members of the committee. As the delegations present were also Democratic in politics, the conference was very amicable until near the close, when the chief spokesman of the Southerners broadly intimated that if iron ore, coal, lumber, rice, and sugar were all placed on the free list under a Democratic administration, "the Democrats of the South might cease to kiss the hand that smites them." The delegation which appeared before the committee is interested specially in the iron ore and coal industries, the great manufacturing commodities of the South, and was composed of F. G. Bush, president of the Mobile & Birmingham railroad, and of the Clifton Iron Company; Nat Baxter, jr., president of the Tennessee Coal, Iron and Railroad Company; Colonel McIlroy, president of the Alabama Mineral Land Company; B. F. Moore, president of the Birmingham Commercial Club; Chappell Corry, secretary of the Birmingham Commercial Club; F. Y. Anderson, land commissioner of the Alabama Great Southern railroad; and Dr. William M. Phillips, of the Tennessee Coal, Iron and Railway Company.

Mr. Bush Talks.

Mr. Bush acted as spokesman of the delegation. He declared that he believed it was not the intention of the Democratic national committee at Chicago, in framing its platform, to declare a policy which would prove ruinous to any of the great interests of the country. Neither did he believe it was the intention either of the President or the committee to willingly do any such injustice.

"You can base your argument," interrupted Chairman Wilson, "on the hypothesis that neither does the committee nor the Democratic administration desire to do anything to endanger any of the great interests of the country."

"I am glad of it," said the speaker.

Continuing, he protested against the injustice of placing iron ore or coal on the free list. The protection on iron ore and coal had gridironed Alabama with railroads and developed these industries until Alabama now annually produced 1,000,000 tons of pig iron and 5,000,000 tons of coal.

"In case of free ore where would you be distressed by it and where would it come in competition with you?" asked Mr. Wilson.

Would be Cut Off.

"We would be cut out of any sale of iron in the Eastern states. The effect would be to restrict our market to the South, and exclude us from the markets East, where we would have to meet the low competition of Cuban and Spanish ores."

"If this committee, as reported," continued Mr. Bush, "is to put lumber, rice and sugar, coal and iron ore on the free list, then they of the South might as well give up. It would be the deathblow to Southern prosperity."

Mr. Bush Concludes.

In conclusion Mr. Bush made a strong appeal. "We are not politicians," he said. "We are plain business men. We are Democrats from principle, and we certainly do not expect to suffer in the house of our friends. If we do, it is a natural question to ask how long will we continue to kiss the hand that smites us. If you bring in your bill with these articles on the free list, as I said, I think, have every Democratic senator and representative from Alabama opposed to it."

A delegation representing the Church Land Grange, of Norfolk, Va., had a conference with the committee, and argued for the retention of the present duty of 25 cents a bushel on foreign grown potatoes.

It is said that Senator White, of Louisiana, will oppose with great vigor the purpose to put a tax back on sugar and abolish the sugar bounty. He asserts that the tariff policy which is being formulated will disrupt the Democratic party. He takes great pride in the improvement in the production of sugar in Louisiana under the operation of the bounty, both in quantity and quality, the processes adopted having resulted in a great improvement in the quality of sugar produced.

THE POPULISTS' IDEA.

They Will Be Merged Into a Great Political Party.

Washington, Nov. 17.—Is the Populist party to continue in the political field? This is one of the questions which are now agitating certain political circles at the capital, and the question is based upon rumors that the leaders of the party are contemplating a change of organization because of some disagreements among them, but especially for the purpose of permitting the advocates of the free coinage of silver, who have never embraced the Populist doctrines as to government ownership of railroads, the bond loan policy and the issuing of paper money to attach themselves to the new organization.

Senator Peffer was called upon by an Associated Press representative today for information as to the correctness of the report, and unhesitatingly stated that the rumor of the proposed change was well-founded.

"I expect," he said, "a new alignment of parties to be found after the congressional election next year, and that the new party will be ready for our work in the presidential election of 1896."

"Do you mean that the Populist party will be disorganized?" was asked.

"The Populists," he replied, "will form part of a great national organization which will probably be brought together under another name. The Populist party will have the same relation to this new party that the old free soil and abolitionist parties bore to the Republican party, which was afterwards organized by a coming together of all the people opposed to the extension of slavery in the national territories."

SEVERAL JACKS THE SLASHERS.

Vandalism as it is Practiced in Washington.

Washington, Nov. 20.—The vandalism of the miscreant who has been designated as "Jack the Slasher" are becoming more bold and outrageous. Saturday night he, or they, entered the house of Samuel Johnson, at 427 Seventh street, S. E. The family were out at the time. Mrs. Johnson returned home late in the evening, and no sooner had she gone into the dining room than the whole neighborhood was startled by her cries. People in the immediate vicinity ran to her house and found the poor woman lying on the floor in her dining room, suffering from a violent attack of hysteria. They noticed at the same time that all the draperies in the room, mantel and chair dressings, curtains and portiers, table linen and other cloth materials had been slashed to shreds and thrown to the floor in a heap.

That was only the beginning of the outrage. In the kitchen the scene at first glance represented chaos. In the middle of the floor the family larder had been emptied. There were the Sunday meats, groceries, etc., in a heap. Over the mass the vandals threw at random huge quantities of lard and butter, and then to make the ruin more complete, picked up a gallon can of oil and thoroughly saturated the mass.

Clarkson Not a Candidate.

Washington, Nov. 17.—It is stated positively by a friend of General Clarkson, who was seen by the Associated Press, that he is not in any sense whatever a candidate for the United States Senate from Iowa, and has never been and will not be, under any circumstances.

EX-SECRETARY RUSK IS DEAD.

SOMETHING OF THE BUSY LIFE WHICH HE LIVED.

A Native of Ohio, a Good Soldier, Congressman for Three Terms, Governor of Wisconsin for Six Years and Harrison's Secretary of Agriculture, and Yet He Was Plain and Jolly "Uncle Jerry" to All.

Viroqua, Wis., Nov. 21.—Ex-Secretary of Agriculture Rusk died at 8 o'clock this morning. His condition had not changed materially for several days, yet his physicians, Sunday night, gave out that the patient was much improved, and chances were favorable for his recovery. He was taken worse last night.

The death of Gen. Rusk came like a bolt of lightning from the sky. There was not the slightest indication of the approaching end. Col. Henry Gasson, his former private secretary, left his bedside at 9 o'clock last night, and gave to an assembled crowd of the general's friends the most positive assurance that the crisis was surely past. Gen. Rusk himself said to the physicians during the evening, "Boys, I'm better."

Dr. Gott and Mrs. Craig, the general's eldest daughter, remained with him during the night. H took an unusual amount of milk and other nourishment, and slep a good portion of the night. He had talked freely, and appeared the most reconciled to his condition than at any time since his sickness. Yesterday was the first time he admitted his apparent improved condition.

Up to ten minutes of dissolution he talked with his watchers, and he appeared to drop into a peaceful sleep. Death came without struggle and with no warning whatever. Only Dr. Gott and one or two members of his family were present to watch the flickering light go out. The surgeons seemed disinclined to offer any reason for the sudden and fatal change in their patient's condition. A post mortem will be held to determine the cause of the General's death.

A Busy Career.

Jeremiah McLain Rusk was born in Morgan county, Ohio, June 17, 1830. He divided his time between farm work and the acquisition of a common school education until he attained his majority, and in 1853 removed to Wisconsin and engaged in agriculture.

He entered the army in 1862, was commissioned major of the 25th Wisconsin regiment, rose to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and served with Gen. Sherman from the siege of Vicksburg till the close of the war. In 1865 he received the brevet of brigadier general of volunteers for meritorious service at the battle of Salkehatchie.

He was elected bank comptroller of Wisconsin in 1866, which post he held till 1870, was chosen to Congress in the latter year, served three terms, and as chairman of the committee on pensions performed important services in readjusting the pension rates. He declined the appointment of charge d'affaires in Paraguay and Uruguay, and that of chief of the bureau of engraving and printing, which was offered him by President Garfield.

In 1882 he was elected governor of Wisconsin and served the successive terms. During the threatened riots in Milwaukee in 1886 he did good service by his prompt action in calling out the militia and ordering it to fire on the dangerous mob when it attempted to destroy life and property.

President Harrison made Mr. Rusk his secretary of Agriculture and that department was one of the best managed of any during the Harrison administration. Since leaving Washington Mr. Rusk remained on his farm in Washington.

PENSION STATISTICS.

It Seems as Though the Tide is About to Turn.

Washington, Nov. 21.—Congressman O'Neil, of Massachusetts, chairman of the sub-committee on pensions, in speaking of the annual appropriation bill in which his committee is now at work, says that the total appropriation for pensions for the current fiscal year was $166,531,350, and for the first time in many years it is probable that no deficiency appropriation will be needed. It is even possible that a small surplus may be turned into the treasury. For the fiscal year 1892 Commissioner Lochren estimates that about $162,600,000 will be needed, or almost $4,000,000 less than for the present year. It is a remarkable fact that this reduction comes not from cutting off any one from the pension rolls, but because for the first time the bureau disposes of pension claims faster than they come in. This is shown by the fact that on Oct. 12, 1892, there were pending 788,061 claims, while on July 12, 1893, or quite nine months later, the number had been reduced to 711,000. From these figures it appears that the filing of new cases will not again exceed the number of cases acted upon by the bureau, and it is also apparent that the maximum number of pensions to be granted will be reached before the end of the fiscal year 1895, if, indeed, it is not reached before next July. From that time on the large sums of money disbursed on first payments will no longer swell the appropriation bill, and once these claims are adjudicated the pension appropriations will rapidly decrease, owing to the deaths of the pensioners, who are now getting far along in years. In the coming year more than $25,000,000 will be needed for first payments, and it is fair to assume that after 1895 the annual appropriation will be diminished by at least that sum."

"SHAMELESS PERVERSION."

That is What Ex-Minister Stevens Says of Blount's Report.

Augusta, Me., Nov. 21.—A reporter of the Kennebec Journal called on ex-Minister to Hawaii John L. Stevens last evening at his house, and asked if he had anything to say regarding Commissioner Blount's statement published this morning, but which did not reach Mr. Stevens until this evening.

Mr. Stevens said that he firmly adhered to all of his previous statements in his San Francisco and Augusta addresses to the country, and in his open letter of last week to Secretary Gresham.

He expressed great surprise at the language of Mr Blount as to Mr. Stevens' unwillingness to show him the records of the legation. Mr. Stevens says that he feels himself at liberty to expose Mr. Blount's remarkable conduct towards himself, commencing immediately after Mr. Blount's arrival in Honolulu. It is a record, Mr. Stevens says, the publication of which will astonish all honorable minds, bringing to Mr. Stevens no censure unless it be that he tolerated such insulting treatment without at once resenting it by refusing all intercourse with the offending person.

Mr. Stevens two weeks ago made an imperative engagement out of the state which will occupy the next two or three days. With reasonable promptness he will be heard in his defense. It is sufficient to say now, Mr. Stevens adds, that Mr. Blount's report so far as given to the public, is an ex parte and shameless perversion of the facts.

Northwestern Fortifications.

Victoria, B. C., Nov. 21.—The purchase of an extensive tract fronting Esquimalt harbor has just been completed by the Imeprial government for the proposed fortifications. These will be of the most modern plan, and both the Imeprial and Dominion governments will contribute towards the expense. The property just purchased commands the entrance to Esquimalt harbor and the Strait of Fuca, leading up to Vancouver.

"Black Bart" in the Asylum.

Marquette, Mich., Nov. 21.—"Black Bart" Halzhay, the Gogebic highwayman and murderer, has been removed to the asylum for criminal insane at Ionia. Halzhay killed a number of people in Wisconsin and Michigan three years ago, robbed trains, country postoffices and committed other depredations.

THE STRIKE ON THE LEHIGH.

No Change Yet in the Condition of Affairs.

Easton, Pa., Nov. 20.—There is no change in the situation on the Lehigh Valley road to-day.

It was announced this morning that the Lehigh Valley has served notice upon the sheriff, mayors and burgesses of the counties and towns throughout which the road passes that they will be expected to preserve the peace and protect the company's property should the strikers resort to violence.

At Jersey City.

Jersey City, N. J., Nov. 20.—A force of extra police have been ordered for special duty at the yards of the Lehigh Valley railroad company. Today the strikers congregated at the Johnson avenue bridge and made such demonstrations that the police were sent there to preserve the peace. Most of the engineers and firemen of the company are among the strikers and when an attempt was made to move locomotives in the yard this morning it is alleged that the strikers at the Johnson avenue bridge threw stones at the men in charge of the locomotives.

No train on the Lehigh Valley railroad has left Jersey City since midnight.

Grand Master Sargent Talks.

Terre Haute, Ind., Nov. 20.—Grand Master Sargent, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, speaking of the Lehigh strike, said that with the knowledge he had of affairs in the world of railroad labor, especially in the East, he considered the situation to be a very serious one. The officers of the various organizations of railway labor had been busy for six months preventing strikes by agreeing to compromises with the railway managers. In nearly every instance the manager had acknowledged that there would have been an ill-advised and needless strike but for the opportunity to deal with the chief officers of the labor organizations. The Lehigh men struck because the company would not deal with these organizations.

'TWAS A LIVELY SHAKING UP.

Steamship Lucania Has a Stormy Voyage.

Queenstown, Nov. 18.—The steamship Lucania, Captain McKay, which sailed from New York for Liverpool on November 11, arrived here at 4:38 a. m., after a most terrific battle with the waves. The time of the Lucania in crossing the ocean was 6 days, 14 hours and 40 minutes.

During the passage heavy seas broke over the vessel, flooding some of the saloon cabins, owing to the fact that large quantities of water were washed down the saloon ventilators, causing much inconvenience to passengers. Mr. Lewis Reckendorfer and his wife were twice compelled to change their cabins, owing to the water which was taken on board. At supper, yesterday evening, the Lucania lurched heavily and Mr. Rockendorfer was thrown from his seat, the force of his fall breaking his leg. In addition several of the steerage passengers and many members of the crew were knocked down and injured by the terrible seas which washed on board the steamship, or by the terrible rolling and pitching which was a result of the heavy weather encountered. In all, twelve persons were treated for more or less serious injuries sustained during the passage across.

FREFER AMERICAN JAILS.

Russian Convicts Appeal to the People.

San Francisco, Nov. 16.—The ten arrested Russian convicts who escaped from Siberia, and were brought here by two whaling vessels, issue an appeal to the "Dear United States People," in which they detail what would become of them if they were returned to Siberia. They say they will be starved, loaded with chains and lashed until rivers of blood run on the ground. "It is so cold there," the appeal says, "that blood will freeze on the ground and look like red ice." It will then be the fate to work at night in the woods carrying great trees. "If we don't walk fast and cut fast with axes," the statement continues, "they will flog us again. Then sores come, and in a few weeks we will die. While we are working and dying slowly we will be starved because we have gotten away to your country. No man in Saghalin eats so much in seven days as one man in your prison eats in one day. Rather than go back to Russia we would stay in your jails."

RUNNING DOWN PENSION FRAUDS.

Big Fraudulent Scheme Unearthed at Buffalo.

Washington, Nov. 20.—Officials of the pension bureau are unusually reticent regarding the announcement that the bureau has unearthed in Buffalo, N. Y., a wholesale scheme for defrauding that office. They are not a little disturbed that the publication should have been made at this time as they fear that it will hinder them in bringing the guilty persons to justice. The Post this morning announces the name of the person who has been carrying on this scheme to be W. Been Moore, who was formerly a special examiner in the bureau of this city. It is believed that at least $150,000 has already been paid to fraudulent claimants whose cases were engineered by Attorney Moore. The pension bureau refuses to give any details of their discovery, but are pushing the investigation with the utmost secrecy and skill.

TOBACCO WAREHOUSE BURNED.

The Loss on Building and Stock is $40,000.

Nashville, Tenn., Nov. 20.—Fire today destroyed the large union tobacco warehouse in Clarksville, causing a loss of nearly $35,000. Two hundred hhds. of tobacco owned by Hallums & Edwards, and worth $20,000, were burned. The loss is covered by insurance. The building which belonged to James H. Smith was valued at $8,000 and insured for $4,000. The flames spread to a warehouse owned by Merritt and Bowling, which was also destroyed. Loss $2,500; insurance $1,500. The fire was of incendiary origin.

MAY IMPEACH THE MAYOR.

Minneapolis Torn Up Over Sunday Saloons.

Minneapolis, Minn., Nov. 20.—The avowed determination of Mayor Eustis to "stand pat" and to carry out his policy towards the saloons, allowing them to remain open on Sunday regardless of the opposition of the clergy, resulted in a fusillade from several pulpits yesterday. The hideousness of the saloon, and the curse of the liquor traffic were pictured in high colors, in nearly every instance. Great stress was laid on the claim that the mayor has no right to discriminate between the laws to be enforced, and Rev. O. R. Jenks went so far as to declare that in case the mayor failed to heed the demand to enforce the laws he should be impeached.

WISCONSIN'S STARVING MINERS.

Governor Peck Will Issue a Call for Help.

Milwaukee, Nov. 20.—Governor Peck has taken official notice of the situation among the starving miners at Hurley, and will this week issue a call to the people of Wisconsin for food and clothing to relieve the distress. The governor insists that Wisconsin is amply able to provide for its poor, and says no one shall go hungry in the state. There are 800 people who need immediate assistance, and it is probable that before winter is over there will be as many more.

TO FIGHT THE GAMBLERS.

A Powerful National Organization to be Formed.

New York, Nov. 18.—The World today says: Just before the late election a number of prominent men of this and other cities prepared an urgent appeal to the people of the country to assist them in uniting all moral forces against the evil practice of gambling.

Noah Davis, one of the staunch workers in the movement, says: "We intend to form a strong national organization to fight the gamblers. It is not a political movement. We want all the parties to assist us; we don't care if a legislature is Republican, Democratic, or anything else, if the laws protect the gambling vice we will work to have them repealed."

Terrible Prairie Fire.

Guthrie, Okla., Nov. 21.—A terrible prairie fire has been raging east of here in Lincoln county, devastating many farms and destroying timber, crops and buildings. Mrs. John Hall, aged 55, was burned to death, and several others badly injured.

Idle Men at Work.

Middlesboro, Ky., Nov. 18.—Fires have been started in three hundred coke ovens at Mingo mines. One hundred and fifty idle men have gone to work. These ovens have been closed since April.

BITTER FIGHT IN THE RANKS OF THE KNIGHTS OF LABOR.

Grand Treasurer Hayes Accuses the Powderly Faction With Misappropriation of Funds.

Philadelphia, Nov. 16.—A fight was begun in yesterday's session of the Knights of Labor convention between Hayes and Powderly factions, which is likely to continue with great bitterness during the remainder of the session.

The members of the order are endeavoring by every means in their power to keep the details from the public, but enough has been learned to complete the story of the day's proceedings. The morning session was consumed in routine business, and the appointment of the standing committees for the ensuing year by General Master Workman Powderly.

Serious Accusations.

Late in the afternoon General Secretary Hayes presented a report of the financial affairs of the order for the year just passed, in which he is said to have flatly accused the general executive board with having misappropriated all, or part of the fund subscribed for the benefit of the strikers at Homestead and Coeur D'Alene.

This report, which was a direct fling at the Powderly faction, became the subject of an acrimonious debate, in which both parties indulged in almost unlimited abuse of one another. A report was also presented by the general executive committee, the exact nature of which can not be learned, but it is understood that counter-accusations are made in it against what is known as the Hayes faction.

Preparing to Fight.

Grand Master Workman Powderly is engaged in marshaling his forces from all parts of the country preparatory to the big fight, which is expected to take place. It is said that he has summoned his ancient enemies, Robert Buchanan and John Morrison to his assistance, and that they will come here to try and reconcile the warring elements.

Report of the General Executive Board of the Knights of Labor.

Philadelphia, Nov. 16.—The report of the general executive board Knights of Labor, was given out for publication this morning. It opens with a review of the year's work and justification of the board's course as follows: "The past year has been one of trial to organized labor. When your board has been appealed to, asked for their advice in cases of despair, or when reductions of wages have been proposed by employers, they have felt it their duty to counsel cautious and conservative action, even in instances where in justice, a demand for increased wages or the resistance of a proposed reduction would have been proper and right. The steady stream of immigration, which, in spite of restrictive legislation, continues to flow to the shores of this continent, makes it comparatively easy for employers to fill the places of striking workmen.

"In addition, labor has had this year to reckon with the fact of a financial panic and industrial depression. The cause of the panic is a question that it would be unprofitable to here discuss. Whether it was occasioned by the operation of the so-called Sherman act as some assert; or the uncertainty regarding tariff legislation, as others maintain; or whether it was apart of a deliberately planned conspiracy having for its object the doubting of the value of the world's funded debts through the contraction of the world's money which would be inevitable consequence of the demonetization of silver, as an increasing number believe, need not here be discussed." Reference followed to the report of the secretary-treasurer and the falling off of the per capita tax. This was ascribed not to a failing belief in the order's principles, but to sheer inability of members to pay their dues.

A Big Row.

Philadelphia, Nov. 17.—The row in the ranks of the Knights of Labor, which started with the filing of the report of Grand Treasurer Hayes, was continued with great bitterness yesterday and last night. There are no evidences of an amicable settlement.

The morning session of the convention was taken up with routine business. In the afternoon, the Hayes matter was renewed, and very bitter addresses were made by A. W. Wright and John Devlin, of the general board, disclaiming the charges. Mr. Wright avowed Mr. Hayes of having a false system of bookkeeping and said that if any unlawful expenditures were made, it was owing to that fact. He intimated very strongly that Mr. Hayes had been carried away by his enmity to the general master workman, to the extent of deliberately falsifying the accounts so as to mislead the delegates. Mr. Devlin continued in the same strain, reviewing the circumstances attending the knights assistance to the Coeur D'Alens and Homestead strikers, and said that even if all the money collected had not been sent them, the balance was simply held as a loan to the organization to be used hereafter as a part of the strike fund.

A strong effort is being made to save the organization in order to make it a pivot in the proposed consolidation with other labor organizations. That Mr. Powderly aims to be the head of the amalgamated orders there is no doubt.

One of the leading knights said last night that the outcome of this assembly will be the beginning of the greatest movement for organized labor that this country ever saw. Whether or no Mr. Powderly will be the head of the movement he could not say, but he did not think that any one man would again possess the power once enjoyed by Mr. Powderly.

Plan for the Consolidation of All Labor Organizations.

Philadelphia, Nov. 18.—The fourth day of the Knights of Labor general assembly was the liveliest yet. General Master Workman Powderly made scathing denunciation of the methods of certain men in the order and a general denial of the charges made by Secretary Hayes. He talked for a long time about the state of the order and its future prospects.

He called to mind a number of alleged violations of rules by some of the delegates. He said, very plainly, that some one was divulging the secret deliberations of the assembly both to individuals and newspapers, and recommended that measures be adopted by the delegates in person who were not guilty of any such violations, to endeavor to have the practice stopped. This created no little comment, and the usual protestations of innocence from all.

Denounced Treasurer Hayes.

Mr. Powderly also denounced the charges made by Secretary-Treasurer Hayes as absolutely and unqualifiedly false. He said there had been no misappliation of funds donated for the relief of the strikers at Homestead and that each and every act of the executive board was open to the inspection of the delegates to the general assembly. He explained where and how all the money said to have been misapplied was used. He then appealed to the general assembly and asked if they were not satisfied with his explanation. He intimated that charges and false reports were given to newspaper representatives by persons who had a grievance real or fancied against the members of the executive board, and in unmeasured terms denounced such proceedings as being unworthy of a Knight and a gentleman.

On his views looking towards the amalgation of the Knights with kindred organizations, he elaborated quite extensively. He stated that he had the personal assurance from officials of several of the large labor organizations that they would take immediate steps to set the matter properly before their respective associations.

Sage May Have to Pay.

New York, Nov. 18.—The general term of the Supreme Court has reversed the decision of the lower court, dismissing the action brought by Wm. R. Laidlaw to recover $50,000 damages from Russell Sage for injuries received by Laidlaw during the dynamite explosion in Sage's office. A new trial is ordered.

Money, Crops, Trade.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

Money still accumulates in the great financial centers. The New York bank statement of Saturday shows an increase in the vast sum of idle money held by the banks, now amounting to $181,500,000, without any increase in loans. There is abundant money offered for loans, and interest rates are low; the trouble is that business is so stagnant that large loans are not needed. The buying capacity of the people is impaired by the dull times; they have not the money to purchase freely. The supply of staple articles is thus in excess of the demand. There will be but little improvement until that supply is worked off; then there will be a revival of demand, and more activity in industrial circles. Then, again, the uncertainty with regard to tariff legislation indisposes manufacturers, and dealers in both raw materials and finished goods, to do any more than fill current orders; and this restricts the demand for loans. Call money was quoted at 1 to 1 1-2 per cent., and was difficult to lend even at these figures. Time money was abundantly offered, with but little demand; rates were 2 1-2 to 3 1-2 per cent. for 30 to 60 days, and 3 1-2 to 4 1-2 per cent. for 4 to 6 months.

The stock market showed a decline, railroads averaging 33 cents lower per share, and industrials $1.25 per share. The earnings of the railroads show a decline, reflecting the stagnation in business, and then diminished grain exports; and this fact explains the weakness of their shares. The time is coming when a large portion of the idle money will be invested in dividend-paying stocks and gilt-edged bonds. In fact, the market for a few securities of guaranteed merit shows that money is beginning to seek investment. This can not become a marked feature until the new year, as the period between now and the general December settlement is too short, for a decided upward movement. The feeling among holders of stocks is that the worst is over, and that with the advent of January there will be a decided improvement.

There is a decided absence of a buying demand for silver bullion. The only buying of the past week was for Chinese account. The market was consequently inactive, with only fractional variation. The price of bar silver in New York at Sa